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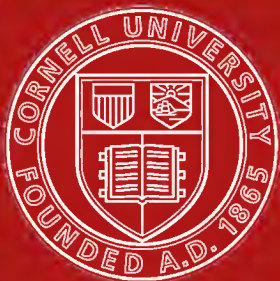
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The Puritan; or, The widow of Watling str



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Puritan

OR

The Widow of Watling Street

“Written by W.S.”

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition 1607

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 4]

Next issued in the Third Folio Shakespeare. 1664

Also issued in the Folio of 1685

Reproduced in Facsimile 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Puritan

OR

The Widow of Watling Street

"Written by W.S."

William Shakespeare — Supposititious Works.

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Puritan
OR
The Widow of Watling Street

"Written by W.S."

1607

"The Puritan, or The Widow of Watling Street," appears on the Stationers' Books under date of Aug. 6th, 1607, the year of publication.

Kirkman identified "W.S." as Shakespeare, and the editors of the Third and Fourth Folios included the play in those collected editions of the poet's works, together with six others since regarded as more or less "doubtful."

There are copies of this quarto in the Bodleian, the Capell (Cambridge), and other collections.

Mr. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original says: "I enclose 'The Puritan Widow' facsimile text: excellent, except for over-heaviness here and there.' This inequality is, as I have frequently explained, due to a slight exaggeration inevitable in photographing the stained pages of the original copies of many, indeed most of the plays in this series."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
PVRITAIN

Or

THE VVIDDOW
of Watling-streete,

Acted by the Children of Pauls.

Written by W. S.



Imprinted at London by G. E. L. D.
1607.

The Puritaine Widdow.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

*Enter the Lady Widdow-Plus, her two Daughters Franke and Moll, her husbands Brother an old Knight Sir Godfrey, with her Sonne and heyre Maister Edmond, all in moorning appa-
rell, Edmond in a Cypresse Hatte. The Widdow wringing her
hands, and bursting out into passion, as newly come from the Bu-
riall of her husband.*

Widow. O H, that euer I was borne, that euer I was borne!
Sir Godfrey. Nay good Sister, deare sister, sweete
sister, bee of good comfort, shew your selfe a woman, now or
neuer.

Wid. Oh, I haue lost the deereft man, I haue buried the swee-
test husband that euer lay by woman.

Sir God. Nay giue him his due, hee was indeed an' honest,
vertuous, discreet wif-man, --- hee was my Brother, as right,
as right.

Wid. O, I shall neuer forget him, neuer forget him, hee was a
man so well giuen to a woman---oh!

Sir Godf. Nay but kinde Sister, I could weepe as much as any
woman, but alas our teares cannot call him againe: me thinkes
you are well read Sister, and know that death is as common as
Homo a common name to all men; ---a man shall bee taken
when hee's making water, ---Nay, did not the learned Parson
Maister *Pigman* tell vs een now, that all Flesh is fraile, wee are
borne to dye, Man ha's but a time: with such like deepe and
profound perswasions, as hee is a rare fellow you know. and an
excellent Reader: and for example, (as there are examples
aboundance,) did not Sir *Humfrey Bubble* dye tother day there's
a lustie Widdow, why shee cryed not aboue halfe an houre--for
shame, for shame: then followed him old Maister *Fulsome* the
Usurer, there's a wise Widdow, why shee cryed nere a whitte
at all.

Wid. O rancke not mee with those wicked women, I had a
Husband out-shinde 'em all.

Syr Godf. I that he did I faith, h'e out-shind 'em all.

Widd. Dooft thou stand there and see vs all weepe, and not once shed a teare for thy fathers death? oh thou vngacious sonne and heyre thou?

Edm. Troth Mother I should not weepe I'me sure; I am past a childe I hope, to make all my old Schoole fellowes laughe at me; I should bee mockt, so I should; Pray let one of my Sisters weepe for mee, Ile laughe as much for her another time?

Widd. Oh thou past-Grace thou, out of my sight, thou gracelesse impe, thou grieuest mee more then the death of thy Father? oh thou stubborne onely sonne? hadst thou such an honest man to thy Father—that would deceaue all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afforde a little salt water? he that so wisely did quite ouer-throw the right heyre of those lands, which now you respect not, vp eucy morning betwixt foure and fise so duely at Westminster Hall eucy Tearme-Time, with all his Cardes and writings, for thee thou wicked

Abfalon—oh deare husband!

Edm. Weep? quorha? I protest I am glad hee's Churched? for now hee's gone I shall spend in quiet?

Fran. Deere mother; pray cease, halfe your Teares suffice, Tis time for you to take truce with youre eyes, Let me weepe now?

Widd. Oh such a deere knight! such a sweete husband haue I lost, haue I lost? ---if Blessed bee the coarfe the raine raynes vpon, he had it, powring downe?

Syr Godf. Sister? be of good cheere, wee are all mortall our selues, I come vppon you freshly, I care speake without comfort, heere me what I shall say;---my brother ha's left you well-thy, y'are rich.

Widd. Oh!

Syr Godf. I say y'ar rich? you are also faire.

Widd. Oh!

Syr Godf. Goe too y'are faire, you cannot smother it, beauty will come to light; nor are your yeares so faire enter'd with you; but that you will bee sought after; and may very well answere another husband; the world is full of fine Gallants,
choyse

THE PVKITAYNE WIDDOW.

chayse enow Sister, ---for what should wee doe with all our
Knights I pray? but to marry riche widdowes, wealthy Cittiz-
zens widdowes; lully faire-- browd Ladies; go too, bee of
good comfort I say leaue snobbing and weeping---yet my
brother was a kinde hearted man---I would not haue the
Else see mee now? ---come pluck vp a womans heart --- here
stands your Daughters; who be well eſtated, and at matu-
rity will alio bee enquir'd after with good huſbands, ſo
all theſe teares ſhall bee ſoone dried vp and a better world
then euer---what? Woman? you muſt not weepe ſtill?
hee's dead---hee's buried---yet I cannot chuſe but weepe for
him!

Wid. Marry againe! no! let me be buried quick then!
And that ſanie part of Qure whereon I tread
To ſuch intent, O may it be my graue;
And that the Priefft may turne his wedding praiers,
Een with a breath, to funerall duſt and aſhes;
Oh, out of a million of millions, I ſhould nere finde ſuch a
huſband; hee was vnmachable,---vnmachable? nothing was
ſo hot, not to deere for mee, I could not ſpeake of that one
thing that I had not, beſide I had keyes of all, kept all, re-
ceiu'd all, had money in my purſe, ſpent what I would, went
abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all
what I would? Oh---my ſweete huſband; I ſhall neuer haue
the like?

Sir Godf. Sister? nere ſay ſo; hee was an honeſt brother of
mine, and ſo, and you may light vpon one as honeſt againe,
or one, as honeſt againe may light vpon you, that's the prope-
rer-phraſe indeed?

Wid. Neuer? oh if you loue me vrge it not,
Oh may I be the by-word of the world,
The common talke at Table in the mouth
Of euery Groome and Wayter, if e're more
I entertaine the carnall ſuite of Man?

Mol. I muſt kneele do vnc for faſhion too?

Frack. And I, whom neuer man as yet hath ſcalde
E'en in this depth of generall ſorrow, vowe

Neuer

THE PURITANE WIDOW.

Neuer to marry, to sustaine such losse
As a deere husband seemes to be, once dead?

Mol. I lou'd my father well too; but to say,
Nay now, I would not marry for her death?
Sure I should speake false Lartin; should I not?
Ide as soone vow neuer to come in Bed,

Tut? Women must liue by th' quick, and not by th' dead,

Wid. Deare Copie of my husband, oh let me kisse thee:
How like him is their Model? their briete Picture *Drawing out*
Quickens my teares: my sorrowes are renew'd *her husbands*
At their fresh sight? *Picture.*

Sir Godf. Sister---

Wid. Away,
All honesty with him is turn'd to clay,
Oh my sweete husband, oh---

Franck. My deere father? *Exeunt mother and daughters.*

Mol. Heres a puling indeede! I thinke my Mother weepes for
all the women that euer buried husbands: for if from time to
time all the Widdowers teares in England had beene bottled
vp, I do not thinke all would haue fild a three-halfe-penny Bot-
tle; Alasse a small matter bucks a hand-kercher, ---- and som-
times the spittle stands to nie Saint Thomas a Warrings; well, I
can mourne in good sober sort as well as another? but where I
spend one teare for a dead Father, I could giue twenty kisses
for a quick husband. *Exit Mol.*

Sir Godf. Well, go thy waies old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou maist
be proud on't, thou hast a kinde louing sister-in-lawe; how con-
stant? how passionate? how full of Aprill the poore soules eyes
are; well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know
what a kinde wife hee had left behinde him; truth and twere
not for shame that the Neighbours at th' next garden should
heare me, betweene ioye and grieffe, I should e'en cry out-right!

Exit Sir Godfrey.

Edmond. So, a faire riddance, my fathers layde in dust his Cof-
fin and he is like a whole-meate-pye, and the wormes will eat
him vp shortlie; farewell old Dad, farewell. He be curb'd in
no more, I perceiue a sonne and heire may quickly be made

THE PVKITAIN WIDDOW.

a foole and he will be one, but Ile take another order;—Now she would haue me weepe for him for-sooth, and why? because he cozn'd the right heire beeing a foole, and bestow'd those Lands vpon me his eldest Son; and therefore I must weepe for him ha, ha; Why al the world knowes as long as twas his pleasure to get me, twas his duety to get for me: I know the law in that point no Attorney can gull me; Well, my Vncle is an olde Affe, and an Admirable Cockscombe, Ile rule the Roast my selfe, Ile be kept vnder no more, I know what I may do well inough by my Fathers Copy: the Lawe's in mine owne hands now: nay now I know my strength, Ile be strong inough for my Mother I warrant you?
Exit.

Enter George Py-bord a scholler and a Cittizen and vnto him an old souldier, Peter Skirmish.

Py. What's to be done now? old Lad of War; thou that wert wont to be as hot as a turn-spir, as nimble as a fencer, & as low-zy as a schoole-maister; now thou art put to silence like a Sec-tarie? — War sits now like a Iustice of peace, and does nothing, where be your Muskets, Calciuers and Hotshots? in *Long-line*, at Pawne, at Pawne;—Now keies, are yours onely Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, & Bawdes the Gunners, — who are your cen-tinells in peace, and stand ready charg'd to giue warning; with hems, hums, & pockey-coffs; only your Chambers are licenc'd to play vpon you, and Drabs enow to giue fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me, for since the cessure of the wars; I haue spent aboue a hundred crownes out a purse: I haue beene a souldier any time this forty yeares, and now I perceiue an olde souldier, and an olde Courtier haue both one destinie, and in the end turne both in-to hob-nayles.

Pie. Pretty mistery for a begger, for indeed a hob-naile is the true embleme of a beggers shoo-soale;

Skir. I will not say but that warre is a bloud-sucker, and so; but in my conscience, (as there is no souldier but has a peice of one, tho it bee full of holes like a shot Antient, no matter, twill serue to swear by) in my conscience, I thinke some kinde of

B

Peerce,

THE PVRRITAINE WIDDOW.

Peace, ha's more hidden oppreffions, and violent heady finnes, (tho looking of a gentle nature) then a profest warre.

Pye. Troth, and for mine owne part, I am a poore Gentleman, & a Scholler, I haue beene matriculated in the Vniuersitie, wore out fixe Gownes there, scene some fooles, and some Schollers, some of the Citty, and some of the Countrie, kept order, went bare-headed ouer the Quadrangle, eate my Commons with a good stomacke, and Batiled with Discretion; at last, hauing done many slights and trickes to maintaine my witte in vie (as my braine would neuer endure nice to bee idle,) I was expeld the Vniuc.sitie, onely for stealing a Cheefe out of *Iesus* Colledge.

Skir. Ist possible?

Pye. Oh! there was one *Welshman* (God forgiue him) pursued it hard; and neuer left, till I turnde my staffe toward *London*, where when I came, all my friends were pitt-hold, gone to *Graues*, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turnde to my wittes, to shift in the world, to rowre among Sonnes and Heyres, and Fooles, and Gulls, and Ladyes eldest Sonnes, to worke vpon nothing, to seede out of Flint, and euer since has my belly beene much beholding to my braine: But now to returne to you old *Skirmish*. I say as you say, and for my part wish a Turbulency in the world, for I haue nothing to loose but my wittes, and I thinke they are as mad as they will be: and to strengthen your Argument the more, I say an honest warre, is better then a bawdy peace: as touching my profession; The multiplicitie of Schollers, hatcht, and nourishe, in the idle Calmes of peace, makes 'em like Fishes one deuoure another; and the communitie of Learning ha's so plaide vpon affections, and thereby almost Religion is come about to Phanrasie, and discredited by being too much spoken off—in so many & meane months, I my selfe being a Scholler and a Graduate, haue no other coasfort by my learning, but the Affliction of my words, to know how Scholler-like to name what I want, & can call my selfe a Begger both in Greeke and Lattin, and therefore not to cogge with Peace, Ile not be afraide to say, 'tis a great Breeder, but a barren Nourisher: a great-getter of Children, which must either be Theeues or Rich-men, Knaues or Beggers.

Skir. Well

THE PVKITAIN WIDDOW.

Skirmish. Well, would I had beene borne a Knaue then, when I was borne a Begger, for if the truth were knowne, I thinke I was begot when my Father had neuer a penny in his purse.

Pye. Puh, faint not old *Skirmish*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Descensus Auerni*, 'tis an easie iourney to a Knaue, thou maist bee a Knaue when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other professions, and an arrant Drabbe to vs, let vs handle her accordingly, and by our wittes' thrue in despite of her; for since the lawe liues by quarrells, the Courtier by smooth God-morrowes, and euery profession makes it selfe greater by imperfections, why not wee then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? and seeing our braines are our onely Patrimonyes, let's spend with iudgment, not like a desperate sonne and heire, but like a sober and discrete Templer,—one that will neuer marche beyond the bounds of his allowance, and for our thriving meanes, thus, I my selfe will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skirm. Very proper.

Pye. And you of a figure-caster, or a Coniurer.

Skir. A Coniurer.

Pye. Let me alone, Ile instruct you, and teach you to deceiue all eyes, but the Diuels.

Skir. Oh I, for I would not deceiue him and I could choose, of all others.

Pye. Feare not I warrant you; and so by those meanes wee shall helpe one another to Patients, as the condition of the age affords creatures enow for cunning to worke vpon.

Skir. Oh wondrous new fooles and fresh Asses.

Pye. Oh, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Coniuring?

Pye-board. My memorie greetes mee happily with an admirable subject to graze vpon, The Lady-Widdow, who of late I sawe weeping in her Garden for the death of her Husband, sure she's but a watrish soule, and halfe on't by this time is dropt out of her Eyes: deuice well manage may doe good vpon her: it stands firme, my first practise shall bee there?

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

Skir. You haue my voyce *George?*

Pye-boord. Sh'as a gray Gull to her Brother, a foole to her onely sonne, and an Ape to her yongest Daughter; --- I ouerheard 'em senerally, and from their words Ile deriue my deuice; and thou old *Peter Skirish* shall be my second in all flights.

Skir. Nere doubt mee *George Pye-boord*. --- onely you must teach me to coniure.

Pye. Puh, Ile perfect thee, *Peter:*
How now? what's hee?

*Enter Capitaine Idle, pinnion'd, & with a guard
of Officers passeth ouer
the Stage.*

Skir. Oh *George!* this sight kills me,
Tis my sworne Brother, *Capitaine Idle.*

Pye. *Capitaine Idle.*

Skir. Apprehended for some fellonious act or other, hee has started out, h'as made a Night on't, lackt siluer; I cannot but commend his resolution, he would not pawne his Buffe-Ierkin, I would cyther some of vs were employde, or might pitch our Tents at Vsurers doores, to kill the slaues as they peepe out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed those are our ancient Enimies; they keepe our money in their hands, and make vs to bee hangd for robbing of 'em, but come letts follow after to the Prison, and know the Nature of his offence, and what we can steed him in, hee shall be sure of; and Ile uphold it still, that a charitable Knaue, is better then a soothing Puritaine.

Exeunt.

Enter at one doore Corporall Oth, a Vaine-glorious fellow, and at the other, three of the Widdow Puritaines Seruingmen, Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simon Saint-Mary-Oueries, and Frailtie in black sgarrie mourning coates, and Bookes at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meete.

Nich. What *Corporall Oth!* I am sorry we haue met with you next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keepe company withall, wee must not sweare I can tell you, and you haue the name for swearing.

Simon. *Corporall Oth,* I would you would do so much as forsake vs sir, we cannot abide you, wee must not be seene in your company.

Frailtie.

THE PURITAYNE WIDDOW.

Frail. There is none of vs I can tell you, but shall be soundly whipt for swearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanicall Scrape-shoes, Fleish a good Fridayes? a hand,

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas Saint-Tantlings Simon Saint Mary Oueries*, ha's the De'ele posselt you, that you sweare no better, you halfe-Chrittne'd *Katomites*, you vngod-motherd Varlers, do's the first lesson teach you to bee proud, and the second to bee Cockf-combes; proud Cockf-combes? not once to doe dutie to a man of Marke.

Frail. A man of Marke, quatha, I doe not thinke he can shew a Beggars Noble.

Corpo. A Corporall, a Commander, one of spirit, that is able to blowe you vp all drye with your Bookes at your Girdles.

Simon. Wee are not taught to belecue that sir, for we know the breath of man is weake? *Corporall breaths upon Frailtie.*

Frail. Foh, you lie *Nicholas*; for here's one strong inough; blowe vs vp quatha, hee may well blow me about twelue-score off an him? I warrant if the winde stood right, a man might finell him from the top of Newgate, to the Leades of Ludgate?

Corp. Sirrah, thou, Hollow-Booke of Waxe-candle.

Nicho. I, you may say what you will, so you sweare not.

Corp. I sweare by the —

Nicho. Hold, hold, good Corporall *Oth*; for if you sweare once, wee shall all fall downe in a fowne presently.

Corp. I must and will sweare: you quiuering Cockf-combes, my Captaine is imprisoned, and by *Vulcans* Lether Cod-piece point —

Nich. O *Simon*, what an oth was there.

Frail. If hee should chance to breake it, the poore mans Breeches would fall downe about his heeles, for *Venus* allowes him but one point to his hose?

Corpor. With these my Bullye-Feete, I will thumpe ope the Prison doores, and braine the Keeper with the begging Boxe, but Ile set my honest sweete Captaine *Idle* at liberie.

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

Nich. How, Captaine Ydle, my olde Aunts sonnie, my deere Kinsman in Capadochio.

Cor. I, thou Church-peeling, thou Hely-paring, religious outside thou? if thou hast any grace in thee, thou wouldst visit him, releiue him, sweare to get him out?

Nicho. Assure you Corporall indeed-la, tis the first time I heard on't,

Cor. Why do't now then, *Marmaset*? bring forth thy yearly-wages, let not a Commander perish!

Simon. But, if hee bee one of the wicked, hee shall perish.

Nich. Well Corporall, Ile e'en along with you, to visit my Kinsman, if I can do him any good, I will,---but I haue nothing for him, *Simon* Saint *Mary Oueris* and *Fraylty*, pray make a lie for me to the Knight my Maister, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Cor. A lie? may you lie then?

Fray. O I, we may lie, but we must not sweare.

Sim. True, wee may lie with our Neighbors wife, but wee must not sweare we did so;

Cor. Oh, an excellent Tag of religion?

Nic. Oh *Simon*, I haue thought vpon a sound excuse, it will go currant, say that I am gon to a Fast;

Sim. To a Fast, very good?

Nic. I, to a Fast say, with Maister *Ful-bellie* the Minister.

Sim. Maister *Ful-bellie*? an honest man: he feedes the flock well, for he's an excellent feeder? *Exit Corporal, Nicholas.*

Fray. O I, I hate seene him eate vp a whole Pigge, and afterward falls to the pettitoes? *Exit Simon and Fraylty.*

The Prison, Marshalsea.

Enter Captaine Ydle at one dore, and old souldier at the other.

George Py-boord, speaking within.

Pye. Pray turne the key.

Skir,

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

Skir. Turne the key I pray?

Cap. Who should those be, I almost know their voyces?

O my friends?

Entring.

Ya're welcome to a smelling Roome here? you newly tooke
leauue of the ayre, ist not a strange sauour?

Pie. As all prisons haue, smells of sundry wretches;
Who tho departed, leauue their sents behind 'em,
By Gold Captaine, I am sincerely sory for thee.

Cap. By my troth *George* I thanke thee; but pish, --- what
must be, must bee.

Skir. Captaine, what doe you lie in for? ist great? what's
your offence?

Cap. Faith, my offence is ordinarie, -- common? A Hie-waye,
and I feare mee my penaltie will be ordinarie and common too,
a halter.

Pie. Nay prophecy not so ill, it shall go heard
But Ile shift for thy life.

Cap. Whether I liue or die, thou'art an honest *George*? Ile
tell you --- siluer shou d not with mee, as it had done, (for now
the tide runnes to Bawdes and flatterers) I had a start out, and
by chaunce set vpon a fat steward, thinking his purse had beene
as pursey as his bodie; and the slaue had about him but the
poore purchase of tenne groates: notwithstanding beeing de-
cied, pursued, and taken, I know the Law is so grim: in respect
of many desprate-vnsctled souldiours, that I feare mee I shall
daunce after their pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice sory for you *Captaine*: first that your purchase
was so small, and now that your danger is so great.

Cap. Pish, the worst is but death, --- ha you a pipe of Tobacco
about you?

Skir. I thinke, I haue there abouts about me!

Cap. blowes a pipe.

Cap. Her's a cleane Gentleman too, to receiue?

Pie. Well, I must cast about, some happy slight,
Worke braine, that euer didst thy Maister right?

Cor. Keeper! let the key be turn'd! *Corporall and Nicholas*

Nic. I pray Maister keeper giues a cast of your office? *within.*

Cap. How now! more Visitants? --- what *Corporall Oth*?

Pie.

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

Pie. Skir. Corporall?

Cor. In prison honest Captaine? this must not be?

Nic. How do you Captaine Kinsman?

Cap. Good Cockf-combe? what makes that pure---starch'd foole here?

Nic. You see Kinsman I am som-what bould to call in, and see how you do, I heard you were safe inough, and I was very glad on't that it was no worse;

Cap. This is a double torture now,---this foole by'th booke Do's vex me more then my imprisonment?

What meant you Corporall to hooke him hither?

Cor. Who he? he shall releue thee, and supply thee, Ile make him doo't;

Cap. *Fie*, what vaine breath you spend! hee supply? Ile sooner expect mercy from a Vsurer when my bonds forfeited, sooner kindnesse from a Lawier when my mony's spent: nay sooner charity from the deuill, then good from a Puritaine? Ile looke for releife from him, when Lucifer is restor'd to his bloud, and in Heauen againe!

Nic. I warrant my Kinsman's talking of me, for my left eare burnes most tyrannically?

Pie. Captaine *Tide*? what's he there? hee lookes like a Monkey vpward; and a Crane downe-ward.

Cap. Pshaw; a foolish Cozen of mine; I must thanke God for him.

Pie. Why the better subiect to worke a scape vpon; thou shalt e'en change clothes with him, and leaue him here, and so;

Cap. Push, I publish't him e'en now to my Corporall, hee will be damn'd, ere hee do me so much good; why I know a more proper, a more handsome deuice then that, if the slaue would be sociable---now goodman *Fleere-face*?

Nic. Oh, my Cozen begins to speake to me now, I shall bee acquainted with him againe I hope.

Skirmish. Looke what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his wrinkles.

Pye. Then what say you to this deuice, a happy one Captaine?

Cap. Speake loue *George*; Prison Rattes haue vvider cares then those in Malt-lofts.

Nich.

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

Nic. Cozen, if it lay in my power, as they say?—to—do;

Cap. I would do me an exceeding pleasure indeed that, but nere talke forder on't, the foole will be hang'd, ere he do't.

Cor. Pax, Ile thump 'em to't.

Pie. Why doe but trie the Fopster, and breake it to him bluntly.

Cap. And so my disgrace will dwell in his Iawes, and the slaue slaue out our purpose to his Maister, for would I were but as sure on't as I am sure he will deny to do't.

Nic. I would bee heartily glad Cozen, if any of my friendships, as they say, might—stand, ah,

Pie. Why, you see he offers his friend-ship foolishly to you already?

Captain. I, that's the hell on't, I would hee would offer it wisely?

Nich. Verily, and indeed. Ia, Couzen?—

Cap. I haue tooke note of thy fleeres a good while, if thou art minded to do mee good? as thou gapst vpon me comfortably, and giu'st me charitable faces? which indeede is but a fashion in you all that are Puritaines? wilt soone at night steale me thy Maisters chaine?

Nich. Oh, I shall sownel

Pie. Corporal, he starts already!

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crownes, & with the halfe of that, I can buy my life at a Brokers, at second hand, which now lies in pawne to'th Lawe, if this thou refuse to do, being easie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy Maister, why tis a palpable Argument thou holdst my life at no price, and these thy broken & vnioyned offers, are but only created in thy lip, now borne, and now buried, foolish breath onlie? what; wouldest thou do't? shall I looke for happinesse in thy answer?

Nic. Steale my Maisters chaine quoth' he? no, it shal nere bee sayd, that *Nicholas* Saint Tantlings committed Bird-lime!

Cap. Nay, I told you as much; did I not; tho he be a Puritaine yet he will be a true man?

Nich. Why Couzen? you know tis written, thou shalt not Reale?

THE PURITAINE WIDOW.

Cap. Why, and foole, thou shalt loue thy Neighbour, and helpe him in extremities?

Nich. Masse I thinke it bee indeede, in what Chapter's that Couzen?

Cap. Why in the first of Charity, the 2. verse.

Nich. The first of Charity, quotha, that's a good iest, there's no such Chapter in my booke!

Cap. No, I knew twas torne out of thy Booke, & that makes so little in thy heart.

Pie. Come, let me tell you, ya're too vnkinde a Kinsman yfaith; the Captaine louing you so deerely, I, like the Pomwater of his eye, and you to be so vncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nic. Pray do not wish me to bee hangd, any thing else that I can do, had it beene to rob, I would ha don't but I must not steale, that's the word the literall, thou shalt not steale: and would you wish me to steale then?

Pie. No faith, that were to much, to speake truth: why would thou nim it from him.

Nich. That I will?

Pie. Why ynough bullie; hee shall bee content with that, or he shall ha none; let mee alone with him now! Captaine, I ha dealt with your Kins-man in a Corner; a good--kinde--natured fellow, mee thinkes: goe too, you shall not haue all your owne asking, you shall bate somewhat on't, he is not contented absolutely as you would say to steale the chaine from him, -- but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him.

Nich. I, that I will; Couzen.

Cap. Well seeing he will doe no more, as far as I see I must bee contented with that.

Cor. Here's no notable gullery?

Pie. Nay Ile come neerer to you Gentleman? because wee le haue onely but a helpe and a mirth on't, the knight shall not loose his chaine neither, but be only laide out of the way some one or two daies?

Nich. I, that would be good indeed? Kinsman?

Pie. For I haue a fairer reach to profit vs better by the missing on't onelie, then if wee had it out-right, as my discourse shall make it knowne too you? -- when thou hast the chaine, do but conuay

THE PVKITAIN WIDDOW.

conuay it out at back-dore into the Garden, and there hang it close in the Rosemary banck, but for a small season; and by that harmlesse deuise, I know how to winde Captaine *Tale*, out of prison, the Knight thy Maister shall get his pardon and release him, & he satise thy Maister with his own chaine & wondrous thanks on both hands.

Nich. That were rare indeed la: pray let me know how?

Pie. Nay tis very necessary thou shouldst know, because thou must be imploide as an Actor?

Nich. An Actor? O no, that's a Plaier? and our Parson railes againe Plaiers mightily I can tell you, because they brought him drunck vpp'oth Stage. once, --- as hee will bee horribly druncke.

Cor. Masse I cannot blame him then, poore Church-spout?

Pie. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nich. I that, that.

Pie. Giue me Audiencethen? when the old Knight thy Maister has radge his fill for the losse of the chaine, tell him thou hast a Kinsman in prison, of such exquisite Art, that the diuill himselfe is french Lackey to him, and runnes bare-headed by his horse --- bellie (when hee has one) whome hee will caufe with most *Trish* Dexterity to fetch his chaine, tho t were hid vnder a mine of sea-cole, and nere make Spade or Pickaxe his instruments, tell him but this with farder instructions thou shalt receiue from mee, and thou shoulst thy selfe 2 Kinsman indeed.

Cor. A dainty Bullie.

Skir. An honest--Booke-keeper.

Cap. And my three times thrice hunnie Couzen.

Nich. Nay grace of God Ile robbe him on't suddainlie? and hang it in the Rosemary banck, but I beare that minde Couzen I would not steale any thing mee thinkes for mine owne Father.

Skir. He beares a good minde in that Captaine!

Pie. Why well sayde, he begins to be an honest fellow faith.

Cor. In t oth he does.

Nich. You see Couzen, I am willing to do you any kindnesse, alwaies sauing my selfe harmlesse?

Exit Nicholas.

THE PURITANE WIDDOW.

Captaine. Why I thanke thee, fare thee well, I shall requite it.

Exit Nich.

Cor. Twill bee good for thee Captaine, that thou hast such an egregious Ass to thy Coozen.

Cap. Is hee not a fine foole Corporall?
But *George* thou talkest of Art and Coniuring,
How shall that bee?

Peb. Puh, bee't not in your care,
Leaue that to me and my directions;
Well Captaine doubt not thy deliuerie now,
E'en with the vantage man, to gaine by prison,
As my thoughts prompt me: hold on braine and plot,
I ayme at many cunning far euents,
All which I doubt not but to hit at length,
Ile to the Widdow with a quaint assault,
Captaine be merry.

Capt. Who I? Kerrie merry Buffe-Ierkin?

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more sights, and one will knit strong
in another --- Corporall *Oth*?

Corp. Hoh Bully?

Pye. And thou old *Peter Skirmish*, I haue a necessary taske
for you both.

Skir. Lay't vpon *George Pye-boord*.

Corp. What ere it bee, weele manage it.

Pye. I would haue you two maintaine a quarrell before the
Lady Widdowes doore, and drawe your swords i'th edge of the
Euening; clash a little, clash, clash.

Corp. Fuh.

Let vs alone to make our Blades ring noone,
Tho it be after Supper.

Pye. Know you can;

And out of that false fire, I doubt not but to raise strange be-
leeefe --- and Captaine to countenance my deuice the better, and
grace my words to the Widdow, I haue a good plaine Sattin
sute, that I had of a yong Reueller t'other night, for words passe
not regarded now a dayes vnlesse they come from a good suite
of cloaths, which the Fates and my wittes haue bestowed vpon
me. Well Captaine *Idle*, if I did not highly loue thee, I would
here

THE PURITANE WIDDOW.

here bee scene within twelue score of a prison, for I protest at this instant, I walke in great danger of small debts; I owe money to seuerall Hostesses, and you know such bills will quickly be vpon a mans lack.

Capt. True *George*?

Pye. Fare thee well *Captaine*. Come *Corporall* and *Ancient*? thou shalt heare more newes next time we greete thee?

Corp. More newes? I; by yon Beare at Bridge-Foote in heauen shalt thou.

Exeunt.

Capt. Inough: my friends farewell,
This prison shewes as if Ghosts did part in Hell.

*Enter Moll youngest Daughter to the Widdow:
alone.*

Moll. Not *Marry*: forswear Marriage? why all women know 'tis as honorable a thing as to lye with a man; and I to spight my Sisters vowe the more, haue entertainde a suter already, a fine gallant Knight of the last Fether, hee sayes he will Coach mee too, and well appoint mee, allow mee money to Dice with-all, and many such pleasing protestations hee sticks vpon my lips; indeed his short-winded Father ith' Countrie is wondrous wealthy, a most abhominable Farmer, and therefore hee may doote in time: troth Ile venture vpon him; women are not without wayes enow to helpe them-selues, if he proue wise and good as his word, why I shall loue him, and vse him kindly: and if hee proue an Ass, why in a quarter of an houres warning I can transforme him into an Oxe; ---- there comes in my Reliefe agen.

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O *Mistresse Moll*, *Mistresse Moll*.

Moll. How now? what's the newes?

Frail. The Knight your suter, *sir Iohn Penny-Dub*.

Moll. *Sir Iohn Penny-Dub*? where? where?

Frail. Hee's walking in the Gallerie.

Moll. Ha's my Mother scene him yet.

Frail. O no, shee's --- spitting in the Kitchen.

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

Moll. Direct him hether softly, good *Frailtie*, —
He meete him halfe way.

Frail. That's iust like running a Tilt; but I hope heele breake nothing this time.

Enter Sir Iohn Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happinesse my Mother saw him not:
O we come good *Sir Iohn*.

Penny-dub. I thanke you faith, --- Nay you must stand mee,
till I kisse you: 'tis the fashion euery where I-faith, and I came from Court enow?

Moll. Nay the Fates forfend that I should anger the fashion?

Penny. Then not forgetting the sweete of new ceremonies,
I first fall back, then recouering my selfe; make my honour to your lip thus: and then accost it.

Moll. Trust me, very pritty, and mouing, y'are worthy on't sir, --
O my Mother, my Mother, now shee's here, *Kissing: Ent. Widow & Sir Godfr.*
Weele steale into the Gallery. *Exeunt.*

Sir Godf. Nay Sister, let Reason rule you, doe not play the foole, stand not in your owne light, you haue wealthy offers, large tendrings, doe not with-stand your good fortune: who comes a wooing to you I pray? no small foole, a rich Knight ath Citty, *Sir Oliuer Muck-hill*, no small foole I can tell you: and furthermore as I heard late by your Maide-seruants, (as your Maide-seruants will say to mee any thing I thanke 'em) both your Daughters are not without Suters, I, and worthy ones too? one a Briske Courtier, *Sir Andrew Tip-staffe*; suter a farre off to your eldest Daughter, and the third a huge-welthie Farmers sonne, a fine young Countrie Knight, they call him *Sir Iohn Penny-Dab*, a good name marry, hee may haue it coynde when hee lackes money: what blessings are these Sister?

Wid. Tempt me not Satan.

Sir Godf. Satan? doe I looke like Satan? I hope the Deuill's not so old as I, I tro.

Wid. You wound my fences Brother, when you name,
A suter to me, -- oh I cannot abide it,

I take in poison, when I heare one nam'd,
How now *Simon*? where's my sonne *Edmund*?

Enter Simon.

Simon.

THE PVKITAIN WIDDOW.

Sim, Veily Madame, hee is at vaine Exercise, dripping in
he Tennis-court.

Wid. At Tennis-court? oh, now his father's gon, I shall haue
no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare
this with the Prophecie in the Chronicle, tho farre inferior, as
Harry of Monmouth woone all, and *Harry of Windsor* lost all, so
Edmund of Brisfow that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond of*
London that's his sonne now, will spend all?

Sir Godf. Peace Sister, wee le haue hem reformed, there's hope
on him yet, tho it be but a little.

Enter Frailitie.

Frail. Forsooth Madam? there are two or three Archers at
doore, would very gladly speake with your Ladyship.

Wid. Archers?

Sir Godf. Your husbands Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,

Let them come neere, they bring home things of his,
Troth I should ha forgot 'em, how now?
Villaine, which be those Archers?

Enter the futers Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, Sir Oliuer
Muck-hill, and Penny-dub.

Frail. Why do you not see 'em before you, are not these Ar-
chers, what do you call 'em Shooters; Shooters and Archers are
all one I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant slaue.

Muck. Nay pray be patient Lady,
We come in way of honorable loue.

Tipst. Penny. Wee doe.

Muck. To you.

Tipst. Penny. And to your Daughters?

Widdow. O why will you offer mee this Gentlemen? indeed
I will not looke vpon you; when the Teares are scarce out of
mine Eyes; not yet washt off from my Cheekes, and my
deere husbands body scarce so colde as the Coffin, what rea-
son haue you to offer it? I am not like some of your Wid-
dowes that will burie one in the Evening, and bee sure to ano-
ther ere morning r pray away, pray, take your answers good
Knights,

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

Knights, and you bee sweete Knights, I haue vow'd neuer to marry; -- and so haue my daughters too!

Penny. It two of you haue, but the thirde a good wench!

Muck. Lady, a shrewde answere marry; the best is, tis but the first, and hee's a blunt wooer, that will leaue for one sharpe answere.

Tip. Where bee your daughters Lady, I hope theile giue vs better encouragements?

Wid. Indeed theyle answere you so, tak't a my word theile giue you the very same answere *Verbatim* truly la;

Penny. Mum: *Moll's* a good wench still, I know what shee'll doo?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time wele take our leaues, hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O neuer, neuer? and I liue these thousand yeares; and you bee good Knights doe not hope; twill bee all Vaine, Vayne, --- looke you, put off all yours suites, and you come to me againe.

Fray. Put off all their suites, qua tha? I, that's the best wooing of a Widdow indeed, when a man's Nonfuted, that is, when he's a bed with her.

Going out, Muckhill and sir Godfrey.

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*? here's twenty Angells more worke hard for me; there's life int yet.

Exit Muckhill.

Sir Godf. Feare not Sir *Oliner Muckhill*, Ile stick close for you, leaue all with me.

Enter George Py-boord, the scholler.

Pye. By your leaue Ladie Widdow.

Wid. What another suiter now?

Py. A suiter! no I protest Ladie? if you'de giue me your selfe Ide not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you so Sir, then you're the better welcome sir.

Pie. Nay Heauen bleffe mee from a Widdow, vnlesse I were sure to bury her speedily!

Wid. Good bluntnesse: well your businesse sir?

Pie. Very needfull; if you were in priuate once?

Wid. Needfull? brother pray leaue vs; and you sir?

Fray. I should laugh now, if this blunt fellow should put 'em all

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

all by side the stirrop, and vault into the saddle himselfe, I haue
scene as mad a trick.

Exit Fraillie.

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now Sir? —here's none but we—Daughters forbear.

Pyb. O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I haue to speake importeth equally to them as to you?

Wid. Then you may stay.

Pyb. I pray bestow on me a serious eare,
For what I speake is full of weight and feare?

Wid. Feare?

Pyb. I list passe vnguarded, and vneffected,
Else peace and ioy: —I pray Attention?
Widdowe? I haue beene a meere stranger for these parts that
you lue in, nor did I euer know the Husband of you, and Fa-
ther of them, but I truly know by certaine spirituall Intelli-
gence, that he is in Purgatorie?

Wid. Purgatorie? tuh; that word deserues to bee spit vpon;
I wonder that a man of sober tounge as you seeme to be, should
haue the folly to beleeeue there's such a place.

Pyb. Well Lady, in cold blood I speake it, I assure you that
there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your husband to
reside, and wherein he is like to remaine, till the dissolution of
the world, till the last generall Bon-fire: when all the earth shall
melt into nothing. And the Seas scalde their finnie labourers:
so long is his abidance, vnlesse you alter the propertie of your
purpose, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is,
the purpose of single life in your selfe and your eldest Daugh-
ter, and the speedie determination of marriage in your
youngest.

Moll. How knowes hee that, what, h'as some Deuill told
him?

Wid. Strange he should know our thoughts: —————
Why but Daughter haue you purposed speedy Marriage?

Pyb. You see she tels you I, for shee sayes nothing.
Nay giue me credit as you please, I am a stranger to you, and
and yet you see I know your determinations, which must come
to mee Metaphisically, and by a super-naturall intelligence.

D

Wid.

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

Wid. This puts Amazement on me?

Franck. Know our seacrets.

Mol. Ide thought to steale a marriage, would his tongue
Had dropt out when he blabt it.

Wid. But sir, my husband, was too honest a dealing man to
be now in any purgatories---

Pie. O Do not load your conscience with vntuths,
Tis but meere folly now to guild hem ore:

That has past but for Copper; Praises here,
Cannot vnbinde him there? confesse but truth,
I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly?

Wid. This is most strange of all, how knowes he that?

Pie. He would cate fooles and ignorant heires cleane vp;
And had his drinck, from many a poore mans browe,
E'en as their labour brewde it?

He would scrape ritches to him most vniustly;

The very durt betweene his nailes was Il-got:

And not his owne,---oh

I groane to speake on't, the thought makes me shudder? ---
shudder?

Wid. It quakes me too, now I thinke on't---sir, I am much
griued, that you a stranger should so deeply wrong my dead
husband!

Pie. Oh?

Wid. A man that would keepe Church so duly; rise early, be-
fore his seruants, and e'en for Religious hast, go vngarterd, vn-
buttend; nay sir Reuerence vntrust, to Morning Prayer?

Pie. Oh vff;

Wid. Dine quickly vpon hie-dayes, and when I had great
guesse, would e'en shame me and rize from the Table, to get a
good seate at an after-noone Sermon?

Pie. There's the diuill, there's the diuill, true, hee thought it
Sanctity ynough, if he had kild a man, so tad beene done in a
Pue, or vndon his Neighbour, so ta'd beene nere ynough to'th
Preacher, Oh; ---a Sermon's a fine short cloake of an houre
long, and wil hide the vpper-part of a dissembler, --- Church, I,
he seem'd al Church, & his conscience was as hard as the Pulpit!

Wid.

THE PVKITAIN WIDDOW.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pie. Nor I widdow

Endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your businesse with me?

Pie. No, Lady, tis but the induction too'te;

You may beleue my straines, I strike all true?

And if your conscience would leap vp to your tongue, your selfe would affirme it, and that you shall perceiue I knowe of things to come; as well as I doe of what is present, a Brother of your husbands shall shortly haue a losse!

Wid. A losse, marry heauen for-fend, *Sir Godfrey*, my brother!

Pie. Nay keepe in your wonders, till I haue told you the fortunes of you all; which are more fearefull, if not happily preuented---for your part & your daughters, if there be not once this day some bloud-shed before your dore, wheerof the humane creature dies: two of you the elder shall run mad?

Mother and Franck. Oh,

Mol. That's not I yet!

Pie. And with most impudent prostitution show your naked bodies to the view of all beholders!

Wid. Our naked bodies? fie for shame:

Pie. Attend mee: and your yonger daughter bee strocken dumbe?

Mol. Dumbe? out alas! tis the worst paine of all for a Woman, I'de rather bee madde, or runne naked, or any thing: dumbe?

Pie. Giue care? ere the euening fall vpon, *Hill Bogge*, and *Meadow*, this my speech shal haue past probation, and then shal I be belieued accordingly.

Widdow. If this bee true, wee are all sham'de, all vndon?

Mol. Dumbe? Ile speake as much as euer I can possible before euening?

Pie. But if it so come to passe (as for your faire sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange fortunes be preuented by that accident of death & bloud-shedding which I before told you off: take heed vpo your liues; that two of you which haue vow'd neuer to marry, seeke you out husbands with all present speede

THE PVKITAIN WIDDOW.

and you the third that haue such a desire to out-strip chastitie,
looke you meddle not with a husband.

Moll. A double torment.

Pyb. The breach of this keepes your father in Purgatorie,
and the punishments that shall follow you in this world, would
with horror kill the Eare should heare 'em related.

Wid. Marry? why I vowd neuer to marry.

Franke. And so did I.

Moll. And I vowd neuer to be such an Ass, but to marry.
what a crosse Fortune's this?

Pyb. Ladies, tho I bee a Fortune-teller, I cannot better For-
tunes, you haue 'em frō me as they are reueald to me: I would
they were to your tempers, and fellowes with your blouds,
that's all the bittetnesse I would you.

Widdow. Oh 'tis a iust vengeance, for my husbands hard pur-
chases.

Pyb. I wish you to be-thinke your selues, and leaue m.

Wid. Ile to Sir *Godfrey* my Brother, and acquaint him with
these featefull presages.

Franke. For Mother they portend losses to him.

Wid. Oh I, they doe, they doe,
If any happy issue crowne thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pyb. 'Tis enough Lady,
I wish no higher.

Exit.

Mol. Dumbe, and not marry, worse,
Neither to speake, nor kisse, a double curse? *Exit.*

Pyb. So all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-
teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by
good happinesse, being in my Hostisses Garden, which neigh-
bours the Orchard of the Widdow, I laid the hole of mine eare
to a hole in the wall, and heard 'em make these vowes, & speake
those words vpon which I wrought these aduantages; and to
encourage my forgerie the more, I may now perceiue in 'em a
naturall simplicitie which will easily swallow an abuse, if any co-
uering be ouer it: and to confirme my former presage to the
Widdow, I haue aduizd old *Peter Skirmish* the Souldier, to hurt
Corporall *Oth* vpon the Leg, and in that hurry Ile rush amongst
em.

THE PURITANE WIDOW.

'em, and in stead of giuing the Corporall some Cordiall to comfort him, Ile power into his mouth a potion of a sleepey Nature, to make him seeme as dead; for the which the old souldier being apprehended, and ready to bee borne to execution, Ile step in, & take vpon me the cure of the dead man, vpon paine of dying the condemneds death: the Corporall will wake at his minute, when the sleepey force has wtought it selfe, and so shall I get my selfe into a most admired opinion, and vnder the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish *Nicholas Saint Tantlings* keepe true time with the chaine, my plot wil be found; the Captaine deliuered, and my wits applauded among schollers and souldiers for euer. *Exit Py-boord.*

Enter Nicholas Saint Tantlings with the chaine.

Nic. Oh I haue found an excellent aduantage to take a way the chaine, my Maister put it off e'en now to say on a new Doublet, and I sneak't it away by little & little most Puritanically: wee shal haue good sport anon when ha's mist it, about my Cozen the Coniurer, the world shall see I'me an honest man of my word for now I'me going to hang it betweene Heauen & Earth among the Rosemary branches. *Exit Nich.*

Actus 3.

Enter Simon Saint Mary-Oueries and Frailty.

Frai. Sirrah *Simon Saint Mary-Oueries*? my Mistris sends away all her suiters and puts fleas in their eares?

Sim. Frailty? she dos like an honest, chaste, and vertuous womā? for widdowes ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity.

Frai. Yet *Simon*, many widdowes wil do't, what so comes on't,

Sim. True *Frailtie*, their filthy flesh desires a Coniunction Copulative, what strangers are within, *Frailty*?

Frai. Ther's none *Simon*? but Maister *Pilfer* the Tailor: he's aboue with Sir *Godfreie* prayfing of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Maister *Suds* the Barber!

Simon. Maister *Suds*, a good man, he washes the sinns of the Beard cleane.

Skir. How now creatures? whats a clock.

Enter old Skirmish the souldiers.

Frai. Why do you take vs to be lacke at'h Clock-house?

THE PURITAINE WIDOW.

Skir. I say agen to you what's a clocke?

Sim. Truly la, wee goe by the clocke of our conscience, all worldly Clockes we know goe false, and are set by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a clock in your conscience? — oh, I must breake off, here comes the corporall — hum, hum! — what's a clock?

Enter Corporall.

Corp. A clock? why past seuentene.

Frail. Past seuentene? nay ha's met with his match now, Corporall *Oth* will fit him.

Skir. Thou doost not bawke or baffle me, doost thou? I am a Souldier — past seuentene.

Corp. I, thou art not angry with the figures art thou? I will prooue it ynto thee, 1 2, and 1. Is thirteene I hope, 2, foureteene, 3. fiftene, 4. sixteene, and 5. seauenteene, then past seauenteene, I will take the Dyals part in a iust cause.

Skir. I say 'tis but past fve then.

Corp. Ile sweare 'tis past seauenteene then: doost thou not know numbers, canst thou not cast?

Skir. Cast? doost thou speake of my casting ith' street? *Draw.*

Corp. I, and in the Market place.

Sim. Clubs, clubs, clubs.

Simon runs in.

Frail. I, I knew by their shuffling Clubs would be Trumpe; masse here's the Knaue, and hee can doe any good vpon em: Clubs, clubs, clubs?

Enter Py-boord.

Cap. O villaine, thou hast opend a vaine in my leg.

Pyb. How now, for shame, for shame, put vp, put vp.

Cap. By yon blew Welkin, 'twas out of my part *George* to bee hurt on the leg.

Enter Officers.

Pyb. Oh peace now — I haue a Cordiall here to comfort thee.

Offi. Downe with 'em, downe with em, lay hands vpon the

Skir. Lay hands on me?

(villaine,

Pyb. Ile not be seene among em now.

Cap. Ine hurt, and had more need haue Surgeons, Lay hands vpon me then rough Officers.

Offi. Goe carry him to be drest then:

This mutinous Souldier shall along with me to prison.

Skir.

THE PYRRITAIN WIDDOW.

Skir. To prison, where's *George*.

Offi. Away with hem.

Exeunt with Skir.

Pyb. So,

All lights as I would wish, the amazd widdow,

Will plant me strongly now in her beleefe,

And wonder at the vertue of my words :

For the euent turnes those presages from em

Of being mad and dumbe, and begets ioy

Mingled with admiration : these emptie creatures,

Souldier and Corporall were but ordaind,

As instruments for me to worke vpon,

Now to my patient, here's his potion.

Exit Pyboord.

Enter the Widdow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happinesse, beyond our thoughts :

O luckie faire euent, I thinke our fortunes,

Were blest een in our Cradles: we are quitted

Of all those shamefull violent presages,

By this rash bleeding chance; goe *Frailtie* run, and know,

Whether he be yet liuing, or yet dead,

That here before my doore receiu'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, hee was carryed to the superiour, but if he had
no money when hee came there, I warrant hee's dead by this
time. *Exit Frailtie.*

Franck. Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller, neuer lookt
vpon our hands, nor vpon any marke about vs, a wondrous fel-
low surelie,

Moll. I am glad, I haue the vse of my tongue yet: tho of no-
thing else, I shall finde the way to marry too, I hope shortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother sir *Godfrey*, I would hee were
here, that I might relate to him how prophetically, the cunning
Gentleman spoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir Godf. O my Chaine, my Chaine, I haue lost my Chaine,
where be these Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh; has lost his Chaine.

Sir Godf. My Chaine, my chaine.

Widdow. Brother bee patient, heare mee speake, you know
I told

THE PURITANE WIDDOW.

I told you that a cunning man told me, that you should haue a losse, and he has prophiced so true.

Sir Godf. Out he's a villaine, to prophecy of the losse of my chaine, twas worth about three hundred Crownes, --- besides twas my Fathers, my fathers fathers, my Grand-fathers huge grand-fathers? I had as liue ha lost my Neck, as the chaine that hung about it; O my chaine, my chaine.

Wid. Oh brother, who can be against a misfortune, tis happy twas no more.

Sir Godf. No, more! O goodly godly sifter, would you had me lost more? my best gowne too, with the cloth of gold-lace? my holiday Gascoines, and my Ierkin set with pearle; no more?

Wid. Oh, Brother! you can reade, ---

Sir Godf. But I cannot reade where my chaine is, --- what strangers haue beene here? you let in strangers! Theeues, and Catch-poles; how comes it gonne? there was none about with mee but my Taylor; and my Taylor will not --- steale I hope?

Mol. No he's afrayde of a chaine!

Enter Frayly.

Wid. How now sirrah, the newes?

Fray. O Mistres, he may well be cald a Corporall now, for his corpes are as dead as a cold Capons?

Wid. More happinesse.

Sir Godf. Sirrah, what's this to my chaine? where's my chaine knaue?

Fray. Your chaine sir?

Sir Godf. My chaine is lost villaine.

Fray. I would hee were hang'd in chaines that has it then for me? Alasse sir, I saw none of your chaine, since you were hung with it your selfe?

Sir Godf. Out varlet? it had full three thousand Lincks, I haue oft told it ouer at my praiers: Ouere and ouer, full three thousand Lincks.

Frayl. Had it so sir: sure it cannot be lost then; Ile put you in that comfort.

Sir Godf. Why why?

Frayl. Why if your chaine had so many Lincks, it cannot chuse

THE PURITANE WIDOW.

chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir Godf. Delusion? now long *Nicholas* wheres my chaine.

Nich. Why about your Neck, ist not sir.

Sir Godf. About my neck Varlet, My chaine is lost,
Tis stole away, I me robd.

Wid. Nay Brother show your selfe a man:

Nic. I if it be lost or stole, if he would be patient Mistres I
could bring him to a Cunning Kinsman of mine that would
fetcht againe with a Sesarara.

Sir Godf. Canst thou? I will be patient, say where dwells he?

Nic. Marry he dwels now Sir, where he would not dwell and
he could choote in the Marthalsea sir; but hee's an extent fel-
low if he were out, has trauyld all the world ore, he, and beene
in the seauen and twenty Prouinces: why he would make it be
fetcht Sir if twere rid a thousand mile out of towne.

Sir Godf. An admirable fellow what lies he for.

Nic. Why hee did but rob a Steward of ten groats tother
Night, as any man would ha done, and there he lies fort.

Sir Godf. He make his peace, a Trifle, he get his pardon,
Beside a bountifull reward, he about it,
But see the Clarke, the Iustice will doe much;
I will about it straight, good sir pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turne to good,
The name of Coniurer has laid my blood.

Exeunt,

Enter two seriants to arrest the Scholer

George Pyeboard.

Put. His Hostesses where he lies will trust him no longer, she
has feed me to arrest him; and if you will accompany me, because
I know not of what Nature the Scholler is, whether desperate
or swift, you shall share with me Seriant *Rauen-shaw*, I haue the
good Angell to arrest him.

Rauen. Troth he take part with thee then, Sariant, not for
the sake of the mony so much, as for the hate I beare to a Schol-
ler: why Seriant tis Naturall in vs you know to hate Scholers:
naturall besides, they will publish our imperfections, Knaueryes,
and Conuayances vpon Scaffolds and Stages.

THE FORTUNE WIDOW.

Put. I and spightfully to; troth I haue wonderd how the
flaues could see into our brefts so much, when our doubters are
bugond with Pewter.

Ranen. I and so close without yeelding; oh their parlous fel-
lo vs, they will search more with their wits then a Cunstable
with all his officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist, Yeoman *Dogson*, Yeoman *Dogson*.

Dog. Ma, what saies Sariant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries shop stil,

Dog. I, I.

Put. Haue an eye, eye.

Ranen. The best is Sariant if he be a true Scholler he weares
no weapon I thinke.

Put. No, no, he weares no weapon.

Ranen. Masse, I am right glad of that: 'tas put me in better
heart; nay if I clutch him once, let me alone to drage him if he
be stiff-necked; I haue beene one of the sixe my selfe, that has
dragd as tall men of their hands, when their weapons haue bin
gone as euer bastinadoed a Sariant---I haue done I can tel you.

Dog. Sariant *Puttocke*, Sariant *Puttocke*.

Put. Hoh,

Dog. Hees comming out single.

Put. Peace, peace bee not greedy, let him play a litle let
him play a litle, weele ierke him vp of a sudaine, I ha fisht in
my time.

Ranen. I and caught many a foole Sariant.

Enter Pyeboord.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the chaynes coucht,
And the old Knight has spent his rage vpon,
The widdowe holds me in great Admiracion
For cunning Art: mongst ioyes I am 'een lost,
For my deuce can no way now be crost,
And now I must to prison to the captaine, and there-----

Put. I arrest you sir.

Pye. Oh---I spoke truer then I was a ware, I must to prison
indeed.

Put. They say your a scholler, nay sir--Yeoman *Dogson*, haue
care

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

care to his armes--youle rayle againe Sarians, and stage'em: you, tickle their vices.

Pye. Nay vse me like a Gentleman, I'me little lesse.

Put. You a Gentleman? thats a good Iest ifaith; can a Scholler be a Gentleman,---when a Gentleman will not be a Scholler;---looke vpon your welthy Citizenes sonnes, whether they be Scholers or no, that are Gentlemen by their fathers trades: a Scholler a Gentleman.

Pye. Nay let Fortune driue all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, is *Accidens Inseparabile* to my blood.

Rauen. A rablement, nay you shall haue a bloody rablement; vpon you I warrant you.

Put. Goe, Yeoman *Dogson* before, and Enter the Action 'ith Counter.

Pie. Pray do not hand me Cruelly, Ile goe, *Exet Dogson.* Whether you please to haue me,

Put. Oh hees tame let him loose seriant.

Pie. Pray at whose sute is this?

Put. Why at your Hostilles suite where you lie, Mistfers *Cun-nyburrow* for bed and boord, the somme foure pound fise shillings and fise pence.

Pie. I know the somme to true, yet I presume,
Vpon a farder daie; well tis my starres:
And I must beare it now, tho neuer harder.
I sweare now, my deuice is crost indeed.
Captaine must lie bite: this is Deceytes seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray giue me so much time as to knit my garter, and Ile a way with you.

Put. Well we must be paid for this waiting vpon you, this is no paynes to attend thus.

Making to tie his garter.

Pye. I am now wretched, and miserable, I shall nere recouer of this disease: hot Yron gnaw their fists: they haue strucke a Feuer into my shoulder, which I shall nere shake out agen I feare me, till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remooue me, oh if I take prison once I shall bee prest to dearch with Actions, but not so happy as speedilie; perhaps I may bee

THE PYRITAIN WIDDOW.

forty yeare a pressing till I be a thin old man, that looking through the grates, men may looke through me; all my meanes is confounded, what shall I doe? has my wit served me so long, and now giue me the slippe (like a Traynd seruant) when I haue most need of 'em: no deuice to keepe my poore carcase fro these Putt ocks? -- yes, happines, haue I a paper about me now? yes too, lie tie it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-stone unto wit*, I, I.
Put. Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art so long a tying on them? come away fir.

Pyb. Troth Seriant I protest, you could neuer ha tooke me at a worse time, for now at this instant, I haue no lawfull picture about me.

Put. Slid how shall me come by our fees then.

Ran. We must haue fees Sirra.

Pyb. I could ha wisht ifaith, that you had tooke me halfe an hower hence for your owne sake, for I protest if you had not crost me, I was going in great ioy to receiue five pound of a Gentleman, for the Deuice of a Maske here, drawne in this paper but now, come I must be contented, tis but so much lost, and answerable to the rest of my fortunes.

Put. Why how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Ran. I, well said seriant, tis good to cast about for mony.

Put. Speake, if it be not far--

Pyb. we are but a little past it, the next street behind vs.

Put. Slid we haue waited vpon you grieuously already, if youle say youle be liberall when you hate, giue vs double fees, and spend vpon's, why weele show you that kindnes, and goe along with you to the Gentleman.

Ran. I well said still seriant vrges that.

Pyb. Troth if it will suffice, it shall be all among you, for my part ile not pocket a penny, my hottisse shall haue her foure pound five shillings, and bate me the five pence, and the other fiftene shillings Ile spend vpon you.

Ranish. Why now thou art a good Scholler.

Put. An excellent Scholler Ifaith; has proceeded very well alate; come, weele along with you.

Exeunt with him, passing in they knock at the doore with a Knocker with inside.

Seruing-

THE PVRRITAIN WIDDOW.

Ser. Who knocks, whose at doore? we had need of a Porter.

Pyb. A few friends here?—pray is the Gentleman your maister within.

Ser. Yes, is your businesse to him?

Pyb. I, he knows it, when he see's me :

I pray you haue you forgot mee.

Ser. I by my troth sir, Pray come neere, Ile in and tell him of you, please you to walke here in the Gallery till he comes.

Pyb. Wee will attend his worship,—worship I thinke, for so much the Posts at his doore should signifie, and the faire coming in, and the wicket, else I neither knew him nor his worship, but 'tis happinesse he is within doores, what so ere he bee, if he be not too much a formall Citizen, hee may doe me good: Seriant and Yeoman, how doe you like this house, ist not most wholsomly plotted?

Ranen. Troth prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

Pyb. Yet I wonder how hee should forget me, for hee nere knew mee: No matter, what is forgot in you will bee remembered in your Maister.

A pritty comfortable roome this me thinkes:

You haue no such roomes in prison now?

Put. Oh dog-holes toote,

Pyb. Dog-holes indeed—I can tell you I haue great hope to haue my Chamber here shortly, nay and dyet too, for hee's the most free-hartedst Gentleman where he takes: you would little thinke it? and what a fine Gallery were here for mee to walke and study, and make verses,

Put. O it stands very pleasantly for a Scholler.

Enter Gentleman.

Pyb. Looke what maps, and pictures, and deuices, and things, neatly delicately? masse here he comes, he should be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well; — All happinesse to your worship.

Gentle. You're kindly welcome sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Ranen. Masse it seemes the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Pyb. I haue the thing here for you sir.

THE FVRITAIN WIDDOW.

Pyb. I beseech you conceale me sir, I'me vndone else, ~ I haue the Maske here for you sir, Looke you sir, ~ I beseech your worship first to pardon my rudenesse, for my extreames makes mee boulder then I would bee; I am a poore Gentleman and a Scholler, and now most vnfortunately false into the fangs of vnmercifull officers, arrested for debt, which tho small, I am not able to compasse, by reason I'me destitute of lands, money, and friends, so that if I fall into the hungrie swallow of the prison, I am like vtterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pincht cleane to the bone: Now, if euer pittie had interest in the blood of a Gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to fauour that meanes of my escape, which I haue already thought vpon.

Gent. Goe forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pyb. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy; and doubtfull what to doe; at last it was put into my labouring thoughts; to make happy vse of this paper, and to bleare their vnlettered eyes, I told them there was a Deuice for a Maske drawne int', and that (but for their interception,) I was going to a Gentleman to receiue my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance, to goe along with mee, my hap was to make bolde with your doore Sir, which my thoughts showde mee the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I haue happened right vpon vnderstanding, and pittie: may it please your good Worship then, but to vphold my Deuice, which is to let one of your men put me out at back-doore, and I shall bee bound to your worship for euer.

Gent. By my troth an excellent deuice.

Puttock. An excellent deuice hee sayes; hee likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith I neuer heard a better.

Rauenshaw. Harke, hee sweares hee neuer heard a better, Serieant.

Put. O there's no talke on't, hees an excellent Scholler, and especially for a Maske,

Gent.

THE PURITAINE WIDDOW.

Gent. Giue me your Paper, your Deuice; I was neuer better pleasde in all my life: good witte, braue witte, finely rought, come in sir, and receiue your money sir.

Pyb. Ile follow your good Worship,--
You heard how he likre it now?

Put. Puh, we know hee could not choose but like it: goe thy wayes thou art a witty fine fellow ifaith, thou shalt discourse it tovs at Tauerne anon wilt thou?

Pyb. I, that I will,---looke Seriants here are Maps, and prittie toyes, be dooing in the meane time, I shall quickly haue told out the money, you know.

Put. Goe, goe little villaine, fetch thy chinck, I begin to loue thee, Ile be drunke to night in thy company.

Pyb. This Gentlemen I may well call a part
Of my saluation, in these earthly euils,
For hee has sau'd mee from three hungrie Deuils.

Exit George.

Puttock. Sirrah Seriant, these Mappes are prittie painted things, but I could nere fancie 'em yet, 'mee thinkes they're too busie, and full of Circles and Coniurations, they say all the world's in one of them, but I could nere finde the Counter in the Poultrie.

Rauen. I thinke so: how could you finde it? for you know it stands behind the houses.

Dogson. Masse thats true, then we must looke ath' back-side fort; Sfoote here's nothing, all's bare.

Rauen. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know theres a company of bare fellowes there.

Put. Faith like enough Seriant? I neuer markt so much before? Sirrah Seriant, and Yeoman, I should loue these Maps out a crye now, if wee could see men peepe out of doore in em, oh wee might haue em in a morning to our Breake-fast so finely, and nere knocke our hecles to the ground a whole day for em.

Rauen. I marry sir, Ide buye one then my selfe.
But this talke is by the way, where shall's sup to night,
Five pound receiue d, let's talke of that,

I haue:

THE PVKITAIN WIDDOW.

I haue a trick worth all, you two shall beare him to'th Tauerne, whilst I goe close with his Hostisse, and worke out of her; I know shee would bee glad of the summe to finger money; because shee knowes tis but a desperat debt, and full of hazard, what will you say if I bring it to passe that the Hostisse shall bee contented with one halfe for all; and wee to share tother; fift-shillings bullies.

Put. Why I would call thee King of *Seruiants*, and thou shouldst be Chronicled in the Counter booke for euer.

Ra. Well put it to me, weele make a Night on't yfaith.

Dog. Sfoote I thinke he receiues more money he staies so long.

Put. Hee tarries long indeed, may be I can tell you vpon the good liking ont the Gentleman may proue more bountifull.

Ra. That would be rare, weele search him.

Put. Nay be sure of it weele search him! and make him light ynough.

Enter the Gentlemen.

Ra. Oh here comes the Gentleman; by your leaue sir.

Gen. God you god den sirs,--would you speake with me;

Put. No, not with your worship sir, only wee are bould to stay for a friend of ours that went in with your worship.

Gen. Who? not the scholler?

Put. Yes e'en he and it please your worship?

Gen. Did he make you stay for him? hee did you wrong then why, I can assure you hees gon aboue an houre agoe.

Ra. How? sir?

Gen. I payd him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-dore.

Put. Back-dore?

Gen. Why, whats the matter.

Put. He was our prisoner sir, we did arrest him.

Gen. What he was not? you the Sheriffes Officets--you were to blame then,

Why did you not make knowne to me as much:

I could haue kept him for you, I protest

He receiude all of me in *Brittaine* Gold

Of the last coyning;

Ra. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put.

Put. Stoote has he guld vs so.

Dog. Where shall wee sup now Sericants?

Put. Sup *Simon* now, cate *Perridge* for a month;

Weil, wee cannot impute it to any lacke of good-will in your Worship,---you did but as another would haue done, twas our hard fortunes to misse the purchase, but if ere wee clutch him againe, the Counter shall charme him.

Rauen. The hole shall totte him.

Dog. Amen. *Exeunt.*

Gent. So,

Vex out your Lungs without doores, I am proud,

It was my hap to helpe him, it fell fit,

He went not emptie neither for his wit:

Alasse poore wretch, I could not blame his braine,

To labour his deliuerie, to be free,

From their vnpitrying fangs---I me glad it stood,

Within my power to doe a Scholler good. *Exit.*

Enter in the Prison, meeting George and Captaine,

George coming in muffled.

Cap. How now, whose that? what are you?

Pyb. The same that I should be Captaine.

Cap. *George Pyc-boord*, honest *George*? why camst thou in halfe fac'd, muffled so?

Pyb. On Captaine, I thought we should nere ha laught agen, neuer spent frolick houre agen.

Cap. Why? why?

Pyb. I coming to prepare thee, and with newes

As sheppy as thy quick deliuerie,

Was trac'd out by the sent, arrested Captaine.

Cap. Arrested *George*.

Pyb. Arrested, gesse, gesse, how many Dogges doe you thinke I de vpon me?

Cap. Dogs, I say? I know not.

Pyb. Almost as many as *George Stone* the Beare,
Three at once, thrce at once.

Cap. How diast thou shake 'em of then?

THE WIDOW.

Pyb. The time is busie, and calls vpon our witts, let it suffice,
Here I stand safe, and scapt by miracle,
Some other houre shall tell thee? when weelee sleepe
Our eyes in laughter : Captaine my deuice
Leanes to thy happinesse, for ere the day
Be spent toth' Girdle, thou shalt be set free,
The Corporal's in his first sleepe. the Chaine is mist,
Thy Kintinan has exprest thee, and the old Knight
With Policy-hams now labours thy release,
What rests, is all in thee, to Coniure Captaine.

Capt. Coniure : I foote George you know the deuill a coniu-
ring I can coniure.

Pyb. The Deuill of coniuering, nay by my say, I de not haue thee
do to much Captaine as the Deuill a coniuering : looke here, I
ha brought thee a circle ready characterd and all.

Capt. Sfoote George, art in thy right wittes, doost know what
thou saist? why doost take to a Captaine, a coniuering, didst thou
euer heare of a Captaine coniuere in thy life, doost cal't a Circle,
tis too wide a thing my thinkes : had it beene a lesser Circle,
then I knew what to haue done.

Pyb. Why euery foole knowes that Captaine : nay then Ile not
cogge with you Captaine, if youle stay and hang the next Sessi-
ons you may.

Capt. No by my faith George, come, come, lets to coniuering,
lets to coniuering.

Pyb. But if you looke to be releas'd, as my wittes haue tooke
paine to worke it, and all meanes wrought to farther it, besides
to put crownes in your purse, to make you a man of better hopes,
and whereas before you were a Captaine or poore Souldier, to
make you now a Commander of rich fooles, (which is truly the
onely best purchase peace can allow you) safer then Hig-wayes,
Heath, or Cunny-groues, and yet a faire better bootie ; for your
greatest theues are neuer hangd, neuer hangd, for why they're
wise, and cheate within doores, and wee geld fooles of more
money in one night, then your false tailde Gelding will pur-
chase in a twelue-moneths running, which confirms the olde
Beldams saying, hee's wisest, that keepes himselfe warmest, that
is, hee that iobs by a good fire.

Capt.

THE PVRRITAIN WIDDOW.

Capt. Well opened yfaith *George*, thou hast puld that saying out of the huske.

Pib. Captaine *Idle*, tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here suddenly, Ile perfect you, direct you, till you the trick on't: tis nothing.

Capt. Sfoote *George*, I know not what to say toot, coniure? I shall be hangd ere I coniure.

Pyb. Nay tell not me of that Captaine, youle nere coniure after your hand, I warrant you looke you fir, a patious matter? sure, first to spred your circle vpon the ground, then with a little coniuring ceremonie, as Ile haue an Hackney-mans wand siluerd ore a purpose for you, then arriuing in the circle, with a huge word, and a great trample, as for instance: haue you neuer scene a stalking-stamping Player, that will raise a tempest with his tounge, and thunder with his heeles?

Capt. O yes, yes, yes: often, often.

Pyb. Why be like such a one, for any thing will bleare the old Knights eyes, for you must note that heele nere dare to venture into the roome, onely perhaps peepe fearefully through the Key hole, to see how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well I may goe about it when I will, but marke the end ont, I shall but shame my selfe ifaith *George*, speake big words, and stampe and stare, and he looke in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh out-right, and spoile all, nay Ile tell thee *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxatiue laughter, that if the Deuill him-selfe stood by, I should laugh in his face.

Pyb. Puh, thats but thei babe of a man, and may easily bee husht, as to thinke vpon some disafter, some sad misfortune, as the death of thy Father ithe Country!

Capt. Sfoore that would be the more to driue me into such an extasie, that I should nere lin laughing.

Pib. Why then thinke vpon going to hanging else.

Capt. Masse that's well remembred, now ile do well I warrant thee, nere feare me now: but how shall I do *George* for boyfisterous words, and horrible names.

Pyb. Puh, any sustian inuocations Captaine will serue as well as the best, so you rant them out well, or you may goe to a Pothecaries shop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Cap. Troth and you say true *George*, there's strange words
enow to raise a hundred Quack-saluers; tho they be nere so
poore when they begin? but here lyes the scare on't, how in
this false coniuration, a true Deuill should pop vp indeed.

Pyb. A true Deuill, *Captaine*, why there was nere such a one,
nay faith hee that has this place, is as false a Knaue as our last
Church-warden.

Cap. Then hees false inough a conscience ifaith *George*.

The Crie at Marshalsea.

Crie prisoners. Good Gentlemen ouer the way, send your
reliefe,

Good Gentlemen ouer the way, — Good sir *Godfrey*?

Pyb. Hees come, hees come.

Nich. Maister, thats my Kinsman yonder in the Buff-Ierkin —
Kinsman, thats my Maister yonder ith' Taffetic Hatt — pray sa-
lute him inirely? *They salute: and Py-boord salutes*

Sir God. Now my friend.

Maister Edmond.

Pyb. May I pertake your name sir.

Edm. My name is Maister *Edmund*.

Pyb. Maister *Edmond*, — are you not a Welchman sir?

Edm. A Welshman, why?

Pyb. Because Maister is your Christen name, and *Edmond*
your sir name?

Edm. Ono; I haue more names at home, Maister *Edmund*
Plus, is my full name at length.

Pyb. O crie you mercy sir?

Whispering.

Cap. I vnderstand that you are my Kinsmans good Maister,
and in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your seruice: but
had you fortunde a meere stranger, and made no meanes to me
by acquaintance, I should haue vtterly denyed to haue beene
the man; both by reason of the Act past in Parliament against
Coniurers and Witches, as also, because I would not haue my
Arte vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir Godf. I much commend your care therein good *Captaine*
Coniurer, and that I will be sure to haue it priuate enough, you
shall doote in my Sisters house, — mine owne house I may call
it, for both our charges therein are proportiond.

Cap.

Capt. Very good fir---what may I call your losse fir?

Sir Godf. O you may call't a great losse fir, a grievous losse fir, as goodly a Chaîne of gold, tho I say it, that wore it: how saiest thou *Nicholas*?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chaîne a Gold, Kinsman you know,---

Sir God. You know? did you know't Captaine?

Capt. I trust a foole with secrets?--- Sir hee may say I know: his meaning is, because my Arte is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things,---

Sir Godf. I very true.

Capt. A pax of all fooles--- the excuse stucke vpon my tounge like Ship-pitch vpon a Mariners gowne, not to come off in halt--- ber-lady Knight to loose such a faire Chaîne a gold, were a foule losse; Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it bee betweene Heauen and Earth Knight, Ile ha't for you?

Sir God. A wonderfull Coniurer,--- O 'tis betweene heauen and earth I warrant you, it cannot goe out of the realme,--- I know 'tis some-where aboute the earth?

Capt. I nigher the earth then thou worst on.

Sir Godf. For first my Chaîne was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heauen you know?

Nich. And as for the Deuill Maister, he has no need on't, for you know he ha's a great chaîne of his owne?

Sir Godf. Thou saiest true *Nicholas*, but hee has put off that now, that 'yes by him.

Capt. Faith Knight in few wordes, I presume so much vpon the power of my Art; that I could warrant your Chaîne againe.

Sir Godf. O daintie Captaine?

Capt. Marry it will cost me much sweate, I were better goe to sixteene whor-houses.

Sir Godf. I good man, I warrant thee.

Capt. Beside great vexation of Kidney and Liuer!

Nich. O will tickle you hereabouts Coozen, because you haue not beene vsde toot.

Sir Godf. No, haue you not beene vsd too't Captaine?

Capt. Plague of all fooles still; -- indeed Knights I haue not

THE PVKIT AINE WIDDOW.

vsde it a good while, and therefore twill straine me so much the more you know.

Sir Godf. Oh it will, it will.

Cap. What plunges hee puts me to, were not this Knight a foole, I had beene twice spoyld now; that Captaynes worse then accust that has an asse to his Kinsman---Sfoote I feare hee will driuell't out before I come toote.---Now sir--- to come to the poynt in deede---you see I sticke here in the iawe of the Marshalsea, and cannot doo't.

Sir Godf. Tut tut I now thy meaning, thou wouldst say thou'rt a prisoner, I tell thee thou'rt none.

Cap. How none? why is not this the Marshalsea?

Sir Godf. would heare me speake, I hard of thy rare cuniuring My chayne was lost, I sweate for thy release,
As thou shalt doe the like at home for me,

Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir Godf. Speake is not this man free?

Keep. Yes at his pleasure sir, the fee's dischargd;

Sir Godf. Goe, goe, Ile discharge them I.

Keep. I thanke your worship'

Exet Keeper.

Cap. Now trust me yar a deere Knight kindnes v unexpected, oh theirs nothing to a free Gentle man.---I will cuniure for you sir till Froath come through my Buffe-ierkin?

Sir Godf. Nay then thou shalt not passe with so little a bounty, for at the first sight of my chaine agen,---Forty fine Angells shall appeare vnto thee.

Cap. Twil be a glorious shoue, ifaith Knight a very fine shou, but are all these of your owne house? are you sure of that sir?

Sir Godf. I, I, no, no, whats he younder? talking with my wild Nephew, pray heauen, he giue him good counsell;

Cap. Who he hee's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow Knight, the finest fortune-teller.

Sir Godf. Oh tis he indeed that came to my Lady sister, & foretold the losse of my chaine, I am not angry with him now, for I see twas my fortune to loose it; by your leaue M. Fortune-teller, I had a glimps on you at home at my Sisters the Widdowes, there you prouified of the losse of a chaine,---simply tho I stand here

THE PVKITAYNE WIDDOW.

here I was he that lost it.

Pie. Was it you sir?

Edm. A my troth Nunckle, hee's the rarest fellow, has told me my fortune so right; I find it so right to my nature.

Sir Godf. What ill? God send it a good one?

Edm. O tis a passing good one, Nuncle: for he sayes I shall proue such an excelent gamster in my time, that I shall spend at faster then my father got it.

Sir Godf. There's a fortune in deed,

Edm. Nay it hits my humour so par.

Sir Godf. I that will be the end ont, will the Curse of the beggar preuaile so much, that the sonne shall consume that foolishlie, which the father got, craftilie, I, I, I, twill, twill, twill.

Pie. Stay, stay, stay.

Pycboord with an Almanack

Cap. turne ouer *George.*

and the Captaine.

Pie. *I knee Iulie,* here *Iulie* thats this month, Sunday thirtcene, yester day fortcene, to day fiftcene.

Cap. Looke quickly for the fiftcene day, --if within the compasse of these two dayes there would be some Boystrous storme or other, it would be the best, Ide defer him off till then, some tempest and it be thy will?

Pie. Heres the fiftcene day--hot and fayre.

Cap. Puh, would t'ad beene hot and foule.

Pie. The sixtcene day, thats to morrow, the morning for the most part faire and pleasant.

Cap. No lucke.

Pie. But about hye-none-lightning and thunder.

Cap. Lightning and thunder, admirable; best of all, Ile coniure to morrow iust at hie none *George.*

Pie. Happen but true to morrow Almanack, and ile giue thee leaue to lie all the yeare after.

Cap. sir I must craue your patience, to bestowe this day vpon me, that I may furnish my selfe strongly, ---I sent a spirit into Lanckshire tother day, to fetch backe a knaue Drouer, and I looke for his returne this euening---to morrow morning my friend here and I will come and breake-fast with you.

Sir Godf. Oh you shall be both most welcome.

Cap. And about Noone without fayle, I purpose to coniure.

Sir Godf.

THE PVKITAYNE WIDDOW.

Sir Godf. Mid noone will be a fine time for you.

Edm. Coniuring, do you meane to coniure at our house to morrow fir?

Cap. Marry do I fir: tis my intent yong Gentleman,

Edm. By my troth, Ile loue you while I liue fort, o rare, *Nicholas* we shall haue coniuring to morrowe,

Nic. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Cap. Law hee could ha told him of that, foole, cockscombe would yee.

Edm. Do you heare me fir, I desire more acquaintance on you, you shall earne some money of me, now I knowe you can coniure, but can you fetch any that is lost?

Cap. Oh any thing thats lost.

Edm. Why looke you fir, I tel'r you as a frend and a Coniurer, I should marry a Poticaries daughter, and twas told me she lost her maidenhead at Stonie. stratford; now if youle do but so much as coniure fort, and make all whole agen.—

Cap. That I will fir.

Edm. By my troth I thanke you la,

Cap. A litle merry with your sisters sonne fir.

Sir Godf. Oh a simple yong man, very simple, come Captaine, and you fir, wee le een part with a gallon of wine till to morrow breake-fast.

Tip. Cap. Troth agreed fir.

Nic. Kinsman—Scholler?

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knaue, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nic. Am I indeed la: I thanke you truely la.

Exeunt.

Actus. 4.

Enter Moll, and Sir Iohn Penny-dub.

Penne. But I hope you will not serue a Knight so: Gentlewoman will you to casheete him, and cast him off at your pleasure; what do you thinke I was dubb for nothing, no by my faith Ladies daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *Iohn Pennydub*, let it be deferd awhile, I haue as bigge a heart to marry as you can haue; but as the Fortune-teller toll'd me.

Penny. I ax a'th Fortune-teller, would *Derecke* had beene his

THE FORTUNE WIDOW.

his fortune seauen yeare agoe, to crosse my loue thus : did hee know what case I was in , why this is able to make a man drowne himselfe in's Fathers fish-pond.

Moll. And then hee told mee more-ouer Sir *John* , that the breach of it, kept my Father in Purgatorie.

Penny. In Purgatorie ? why let him purge out his heart there, what haue we to do with that ? there's Phisitions enow there to cast his water, is that any matter to vs : how can hee hinder our loue, why let him bee hangd now hee's dead ? --- Well, haue I rid poste day and night, to bring you merry newes of my fathers death, and now

Moll. Thy Fathers death ? is the old Farmer dead ?

Penny. As dead as his Barne doore *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keepe your word with mee now, Sir *John*, that I shall haue my Coach and my Coach-man ?

Penny. I faith,

Moll. And two white Horses with black Fethers to draw it ?

Penny. Too,

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and pyed liueries to come traishing after't,

Penny. Thou shalt *Moll.*

Moll. And to let me haue money in my purse to go whether

Penny. All this. (I will.

Moll. Then come, what so ere comes on't, wee be made sure together before the Maides a'rhe Kitchin. *Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, with her eldest Daughter

Franck and Frailtie.

Wid. How now ? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey* ? went hee forth this morning ?

Frail. O no Madame, hee's aboue at breake-fast, with sir reuerence a Coniurer.

Wid. A Coniurer ? what manner a fellow is he ?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare fellow Mistris, very strongly made vpward, for he goes in a Buff-ierkin : he sayes hee will fetch Sir *Godfreys* Chaine agen, if it hang betweene heauen and earth.

Wid. What he will not ? then hee's an exlent fellow I warrant, how happy were that woman to be blest with such a Husband, a man a cunning ? how do's hee looke *Frailtie* : very swartlie I

G

warrant

THE PVRTAINE WIDDOW.

warrant, with black beard, scorcht cheekes, and smokie eye-browes.

Frail. Fooh--hee's neither smoake-dryed, nor scorcht, nor black, nor nothing, I tell you Madame, hee lookes as faire to see to, as one of vs; I do not thinke but if you saw him once, youde take him to be a Christian.

Frank. So faire, and yet so cunning, that's to bee wonderd at Mother.

Enter Sir Oliuer Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tip-staffe.

Muck. Blesse you sweete Lady.

Tip. And you faire Mistrisse.

Exit Frailtie.

Wid. Coades? what doe you meane Gentlemen? sic, did I not giue you your answers?

Muck. Sweete Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not stick with you now for a kisse, Daughter kisse the Gentleman for once.

Frank. Yes forsooth.

Tip. Ime proud of such a fauour.

Wid. Truly la, sir *Oliuer*, y are much to blame to come agen, when you know my minde, so well deliuerd--as a Widdow could deliuer a thing.

Muck. But I expect a farther comfort Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not desire you to put off your sute quite & cleane, when you came to me againe, how say you, did

Muc. But the sincere loue which my heart beares you. (I not.

Wid. Go to, ile cut you off, & Sir *Oliuer* to put you in comfort a farre off, my fortune is read me, I must marry againe.

Muck. O blest fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can choose;-- nay Ile hold out, well.

Muc. Yet are my hopes now fairer.

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now, what's the hast?

In her eare.

Tipst. Faith Mistrisse *Francis* Ile maintaine you gallantly, Ile bring you to Court, weane you among the faire society of ladies poore Kinswome of mine in cloth of siluer, beside you shal haue your Monckie, your Parrat, your Muskat, & your pisse, pisse, pisse.

Frank. It will do very well.

Wid. What dos he meane to coniure here the? how shal I do to bee

THE PURITAIN WIDDOW.

bee rid of these Knights, -- please you Gentlemen to walke a while ith Garden, go gather a pinck, or a lilly-flower.

Both. With all our hearts Lady, and count vs fauour? *Exit.*

Si. Go. Step in *Nicholas*, looke, is the coast cleare, *within Sir Go.*

Nic. Oh, as cleare as a Cattes eye, sir.

Sir Go. Then enter Captaine Coniurer? -- now -- how like you your Roome sir? *Enter Sir Godf. Capt. Pyb. Edm. Nick.*

Cap. O wonderfull conuenient.

Edm. I can tell you Captaine, simplie tho it lies here, tis the fayrest Roome in my Mothers house, as dainty a Roome to Coniure in, mee thinkes, --- why you may bidde, I cannot tell how many diuills welcome in't; my Father has had twentie here at once!

Pie. What diuills?

Edm. Diuills, no Deputies, & the welthiest men he could get,

Sir Godf. Nay put by your chattes now, fall to your businesse roundly, the feskewe of the Diall is vpon the Chriffe-crosse of Noone, but oh: heare mee Captaine, a qualme comes ore my stomack?

Cap. Why, what's the matter sir?

Sir Godf. Oh, how if the diuill should proue a knaue, and teare the hangings.

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you Sir Godfrey:

Edm. I, Nuncle, or spit fire vpp'oth feeling!

Sir Godf. Very true too, for tis but thin playsterd, and twill quickly take hold a the laths, and if hee chance to spit downward-too, he will burne all the boords.

Cap. My life for yours Sir Godfrey?

Sir Godf. My Sister is very curious & dainty ore this Roome I can tell and therefore if he must needes spit, I pray desire him to spit ith Chimney.

Pie. Why assure you Sir Godfrey, he shall not be brought vp, with so little manners to spit and spaule a'th flower.

Sir Godf. Why I thanke you good Captaine, pray haue a care I, fall to your Circle, weele not trouble you I warrant you, come, weele in to the next Roome, & because weele be sure to keepe him out there, weele bar vp the dore with some of the Godlies zealous workes.

THE PYRRITAIN WIDDOW.

Edm. That will bee a fine deuice Nuncle, and because the ground shall be as holy as the doore, Ile teare two or three ro-
taries in peices, and strew the leaues about the Chamber? oh,
the deuill already, --- runs in --- *Thunders.*

Py. Stooote Captaine speake somwhat for shame; it lightens &
thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray peace *George*, -- thou'lt make mee laugh anon;
and spoile all.

Pie. Oh now it begins agen, now, now? now? Captaine?

Cap. *Rumbos--ragdayon, pur, pur, colecundrion, Hlois-- Plois.*

Sir Godf. Oh admirable Coniurer? has *Sir Godfrey* through
fetcht Thunder already: *the keyhole? within.*

Pie. Harke harke agen Captaine?

Cap. *Beniamino, -- gaspois -- kay -- gos got hoteror -- umbrois.*

Sir Godf. Oh, I would the deuill would come away quicklie,
he has no conscience to put a man to such paine?

Pie. Agen!

Cap. *Flewste -- Kakopumpos -- dragons -- Leloomenos -- hedge --
podge.*

Pie. Well sayd Captaine.

Sir Godf. So long a comming? oh would I had nere begun't
now, for I feare mee these roaring tempests, will destroy all the
fruites of the earth, and tread vpon my corne -- oh, ith Country.

Cap. *Gog de gog, hobgoblin, hunch, hownslow, hockley te coome
parke.*

Wid. O brother, brother, what a tempests ith, Garden, sure
there's some coniuration abroad.

Sir Godf. 'Tis at home sister!

Pie. By and by, Ile step in? Captaine?

Cap. *Nunck -- Nunck -- Rip -- Gascoynes, Ipis, Drip -- Dropite.*

Sir Godf. Hee drippes and droppes poore man? alasie, alasie.

Pie. Now I come?

Cap. O Sulphure Sooteface ---

Pie. Arch-coniurer, what wouldst thou with mee?

Sir Godf. O the diuill sister; ith dyning Chamber, sing Sister,
I warrant you that will keepe him out, quickly, quickly, quickly.
goes in.

Pie. So, so, so, Ile release thee, ynough Captaine, ynough,
allow

THE BRITAIN WIDDOW.

allowe vs some time to laughe a little, they're shuddering and shaking by this time, as if an Earth-quake were in their kidneyes.

Cap. Sirrah *George*, how wast, how wast, did I doe't well ynough.

Pie. woul't belecue mee Captaine, better then any Coniurer, for here was no harme in this, and yet their horrible expectati-on satisfied well, you were much beholding to thunder & lightning at this time it gract you well I can tell you?

Cap. I must needes say so *George*? sirrah if wee could ha con-uoide hether cleanly a cracker or a fire-wheele t'ad beene ad-mirable.

Pie. Blurt, blurt theirs nothing remaines to put thee to paine new Captaine.

Cap. Paine? I protest *George* my heeles are sorer, then a Whit-son Morris-dancer.

Pie. All's past now, ---onely to reueale that the chaines ith-Garden where thou knowst it has laine these two daies.

Cap. But I feare that fox *Nicholas* has reueald it already?

Pie. Feare not Captaine, you must put it to th venture now! Nay tis time, call vpon e'm, take pittty on e'm, for I belecue some off 'em are in a pittifull case by this time.

Cap. Sir *Godfrey*? *Nicholas*, Kinsman--Sfoot they'r fast at it still *George*, Sir *Godfrey*?

Sir Godf. Oh, is that the diuils voyce? how comes he to know my name.

Cap. Feare not Sir *Godfrey* all's quieted.

Sir Godf. What is he layd?

Cap. Layde; and has newly dropt,
Your chaine ith Garden.

Sir Godf. Ith Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden?

Sir Godf. O sweete Coniurer? where abouts there?

Cap. Looke-well about a banck of Rosemary.

Sir Godf. Sister the Rosemary banck, come, come, ther's my chaine he saies.

Wid. Oh happinesse, run, run.

Edm. Captaine Coniurer?

supposed to goe.

Edm. at keyhoole.

Cap.

THE PVRRIT AINE WIDDOW.

Cap. Who? Maister *Edmond*.

Edm. I Maister *Edmond* may I come in safely, without danger thinke you.

Cap. Fuh, long agoe, tis all, as twas at first.

Feare nothing, pray come neere---how now? man.

Edm. Oh this Roomes mightily hot ifaith, slid my shirt sticks to my Belly already, what a steame the Rogue has left be hind him for this roome must be ayrd Gentlemen it smells horribly of Brimstoone---lets open the windowes.

Pye Faith maister *Edmond* tis but your conceite,

Edm. I would you could make me belecue that ifaith, why do you thinke I cannot smell his sauour, from another: yet I take it kindly from you, because you would not put me in a feare ifaith, a my troth I shal loue you for this the longest day of my life.

Cap. Puh, tis nothing sir, loue me when you see more.

Edm. Masse now I remember Ile looke whether he has singed the hangings or no.

Pye. Captaine, to entertaine a litle sport till they come; make him belecue, youle charme him inuisible, hes apt to admire any thing you see let me alone to giue force too'te.

Cap. goe, retire, to yonder end then.

Edm. I protest you are a rare fellowe, are you not.

Cap. O maister *Edmond*, you know but the least part of me yet, why now at this instant I could but flourish my wand thrice ore your head, and charme you inuisible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walke inuisible man; I should laugh at that ifaith, troth ile requite your kindnes and youle doo't. good Captaine coniurer.

Cap. Nay I should hardly deny you such a small kindnesse Maister *Edmond* Plus, why looke you sir tis no more but this, and thus and agen, and now yar inuisible!

Edm. Am I ifaith, who would thinke it.

Cap. You see the fortune-teller yonder at farder end ath chamber goe toward him, do what you will with him he shall nere finde you.

Edm. Say you so, ile trie that ifaith,-----

Iustles him.

Pic. How now? Captaine, whose that iustled me?

Cap. Iustled you? I saw no body.

Edm.

THE PURITANE WIDDOW.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha, ---- say twas a spirit,

Cap. Shall I? --- may be some spirit that haunts the circle.

Pje. O my nose, agen, pray coniure then Captaine.

Puls him by the Nose.

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any knauery now and neuer be seene, - and now I remeniber mee, *Sir Godfrey* my Vncle abusde me tother day, & told tales of me to my Mother-- Troth now Ime inuifible, ile hit him a sound wherrit ath' care, when he comes out ath' garden,--I may be reuengd on him now finely.

*Enter Sir Godfrey, Widdow, Franck, Nicholas
with the Chaine.*

Sir God. I haue my Chaine againe, my Chaine's found againe;
O sweete Captaine, O admirable Coniurer. *Edm. strikes him.*
Oh what meane you by that Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know mee Vncle?

Wid. Why did you strike your Vncle sir?

Edm. Why Captaine am I not inuifible?

Capt. A good iest *George*,---not now you are not Sir,
Why did you not see me when I did vncharme you?

Edm. Not I by my troth Captaine:

Then pray you pardon mee Vncle,

I thought Ide beene inuifible when I struck you.

Sir Godf. So, you would doo't? go,--y'are a foolish Boy,
And were I not ore-come with greater ioy,
Ide make you taste correction.

Edm. Correction, push---no, neither you nor my Mother shall
thinke to whip me as you haue done.

Sir Godf. Captaine my ioy is such, I know not how to thanke
you, let me embrace you, hug you, O my sweete Chaine, Glad-
nesse 'een makes mee giddy, rare man: twas as iust ith' Rose-
marie banck, as if one should ha laide it there--- oh cuanning,
cunning!

Wid. Well, seeing my fortune tels mee I must marry; let me
marry a man of witte. a man of parts, here's a worthy Cap-
taine, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to bee a Captaines Wife, a
Captaines Wife, it goes very finely, beside all the world knows
that a worthy Captaine, is a fitte Companion to any Lord,
then

then why not a sweete bed-fellow for any Lady, — Ile haue
it so —

Enter Frailtie.

Frail. O Mistris, Gentlemen, there's the braucest sight com-
ming along this way.

Wid. What braue sight?

Frail. Oh, one going to burying, & another going to hanging.

Wid. A ruefull sight.

Pyb. Sfoot Captaine, Ile pawne my life the Corporals coffind,
and old *Skirmish* the souldier going to execution, & 'tis now full
about the time of his walking; hold out a little longer sleepe
potion, and we shall haue extant admiration; for Ile take vpon
me the cure of him.

*Enter the Coffin of the Corporall, the souldier bound, and
lead by Officers, the Sher.ffe there.*

Frail. Oh here they come, here they come!

Pyb. Now must I close secretly with the Souldier, preuent his
impatience, or else all's discouered?

Wid. O lamentable seeing, these were those Brothers, that
fought and bled before our doore.

Sir Godf. What they were not Sister?

Ski m. George, looke toote, Ile peach at Tyburne else.

Pyb. Mum, — Gentles all, vouchsafe mee audience, and you
especiall Maister Shiriffe:

Yon man is bound to execution,

Because he wounded this that now lyes coffind?

Shir. True, true, he shall haue the law, — and I know the law?

Pyb. But vnder fauour Maister Sheriffe, if this man had bene
cured and safe agen, he should haue bene releasde then?

Shir. Why make you question of that Sir?

Pyb. Then I release him freely, and will take vpon mee the
death that he should dye, if within a little season, I do not cure
him to his proper health agen.

Shir. How Sir? recouer a dead man?

That were most strange of all.

Frank comes to him.

Frank. Sweete Sir, I loue you deerely, and could wish my best
part yours, — oh do not vndertake such an impossible venture.

Pyb. Loue you me; then for your sweet sake Ile doo't:

Let

THE PVRTAINE WIDDOW.

Let me entreate the corps to be set downe.

Shir. Bearers set downe the Coffin, -- this were wonderfull, and worthy *Stoers* Chronicle.

Pyb. I pray bestow the freedome of the ayre, vpon our wholesome Arte, --- masse, his cheekes begin to receiue naturall warmth: nay good Corporall wake betime, or I shall haue a longer sleepe then you, -- Sfoote if he should proue dead indeed now, he were fully reuengd vpon me for making a property on him, yet I had rather run vpon the Ropes, then haue the Rope like a Tetter run vpon mee, oh -- he stirs -- hee stirs agen -- looke Gentlemen, he recouers, he starts, he rises.

Shir. Oh, oh, defend vs -- out alas!.

Pyb. Nay pray be still; youle make him more giddy else, -- he knowes no body yet.

Corp. Zounes: who am I? couerd with Snow? I maruaile?

Pyb. Nay I knew hee would sweare the first thing hee did, as soone as euer he came to his life agen.

Corp. Sfoote Hostesse -- some hotte Porridge, --- oh, oh, lay on a dozen of Fagots in the Moone parler, there.

Pyb. Lady, you must needs take a little pittie of him yfaith, and send him in to your Kitchin fire.

Wid. Oh, with all my heart sir, *Nicholas* and *Fraileie*, he'pe to beare him in.

Nich. Beare him in, qua tha, pray call out the Maides, I shall nere haue the heart to doo't indeed la.

Frai. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghost of all mē.

Cor. Sbloud, let me see, where was I drunke last night, heh --

Wid. Oh, shall I bid you once agen take him away.

Frai. Why, we're as fearefull as you I warrant you -- oh --

Wid. Away villaines, bid the Maides make him a Cawdle presently to settle his braine, -- or a Posset of Sack, quickly, quickly.

Exeunt, pushing in the corps.

Skir. Sir, what so ere you are, I do more then admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all Maister Shiriffe, as you shall doe, you would say then, that here were two of the rarest men within the walls of Christendome.

Shir. Two of 'em, O wonderfull: Officers I discharge you, set him free, all's in sune.

THE PVKITAIN E WIDDOW.

Sir Godf. I and a banquet ready by this time Maister Sheriffe, to which I most cheerefully enuite you, and your late prisoner there? see you this goodly chaine sir, mun, no more words, twas lost, and is found againe; come my inestimable bullies, weele talke of your noble Acts in sparkling Charnico, and in stead of a Iester, weele ha the ghost ich white sheete sit at vpper end a th Table.

Sheriff. Exlent merry man ysaith.

Exit.

Franck. Well seeing I am enioynd to loue and marry,
My foolish vow thus I casheere to Ayre
Which first begot it,—now loue play thy part;
The scholler reades his lecture in my heart.

Actus 5. Scen. 1.

Enter in hast Maister Edmund and Frayltie.

Ed. This is the marriage morning for my mother & my sister.

Frail. O me Maister Edmund we shall ha rare doings.

Ed. Nay go *Frayltie* runne to the Sexton, you know my mother wilbe married at Saint Antlings, hie thee, tis past fise, bid them open the Church dore, my sister is almost ready.

Frail. What al ready Maister Edmund.

Ed. Nay go hie thee first run to the Sexton, and runne to the Clarke and then run to Maister *Pigman* the Parson, and then run to the Millanor, and then run home agen,

Frail. Heer's run, run, run—

Ed. But harke *Frailty*;

Frail. What more yet?

Edm. Has the maides remembred to strew the way to the Church.

Frail. Fagh an houre ago I help 'em my selfe.

Ed. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away then

Exit Frailty;

Edm. I shall haue a simple Father inlawe, a braue Captaine able to beate all our streete; Captaine *Idle*, now my Ladie Mother wilbe fitted for a delicate name, my Ladie *Idle*, my Ladie *Idle*, the finest name that can be for a woman, and then the Scholler Maister *Pie-board* for my sister *Francis*, that wilbe

Mistris

THE PYRRHAINE WIDDOW.

Mistris Francis Pie-boord, Mistris Francis Pie-boord, theill keepe a good table I warrant you, Now all the knights noses are put out of ioynt, they may go to a bone setters now.

Enter Captaine and Pie-boord.

Harke, harke oh who comes here with two Torchcs before 'em, my sweete Captaine, and my fine Scholler, oh, how brauely they are shot vp in one night, they looke like fine Brittaines now me thinkes, heres a gallant chaunge ifaith slid they haue hir'd mark and all by the clock.

Cap. Maister Edmund, kinde, honest, dainty Maister Edmond.

Edm. Fogh, sweete Captaine Father inlaw a rare perfume ifayth.

Pie. What are the Brides stirring? may wee stcall vpon 'em thinkst thou Maister Edmond.

Edm. Faw, there e'en vpon reddines I can assure you? for they were at there Torch e'en now, by the same token I tumbled downe the staires.

Pie. Alas poore Maister Edmond.

Enter musitians.

Cap. O the musitians! I pree the Maister Edmond call 'em in and licquour 'em a little.

Ed. That I will sweete Captaine father in law and make ech of them as drunck as a common fiddeler. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sir Iohn Penidub, and Moll aboue lacing of her clothes.

Pen. Whewh Mistris Mol, Mistris Mol.

Mol. Who's there? Pen. Tis I.

Mol. Who Sir Iohn Penidub, O you'r an early cocke ifayth, who would haue thought you to be so rare a stirrer.

Pen. Preethe Mol let me come vp.

Mol. No by my faith Sir Iohn, Ile keepe you downe, for you Knights are very dangerous if once you get aboue.

Pen. Ile not stay ifaith.

Mol. Ifaith you shall staie, for Sir Iohn you must note the nature of the Climates your Northern wench in her owne Countrie may well hold out till shee bee fisteene,

THE PYRITAINE WIDDOW.

but if she touch the South once, and come vp to *London*, here the Chimes go presently after twelue.

Pen. O 'th' art a mad wench *Moll*, but I pree thee make hast, for the Priest is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, Ile not be long after. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Oliuer Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tip-staffe, and old Skirmish talking.

Muck. O monstrous vn-heard of forge:ie.

Tip. Knight, I neuer heard of such villany in our owne countrie, in my life.

Muck. Why 'tis impossible, dare you maintaine your words?

Skir. Dare wee? een to their wezen pipes, we know all their plots, they cannot squander with vs, they haue knauishly abusd vs, made onely properties on's to aduance their selues vpon our shoulders, but they shall rue their abuses, this morning they are to bee married.

Muck. Tis too true, yet if the Widdow be not too much befotted on slights and forgeries, the reue'ation of their villanies will make 'em loathsome, and to that end, be it in priuate to you, I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindnesse, as he is to me, and therefore presume vpon the paiment of his tongue, and that hee will lay out good words for me, and to speake truth, for such needfull occasions, I onely preferue him in bond, and some-times he may doe mee more good here in the Cittie by a free word of his mouth, then if hee had paide one halfe in hand, and tooke Doomesday for't other.

Tip. In troth Sir, without soothing bee it spoken, you haue published much iudgement in these few words.

Muck. For you know, what such a man vtters will be thought effectuall and to waighy purpose, and therefore into his mouth weel put the approoued theame of their forgeries.

Skir. And Ile maintaine it Knight, if sheele be true.

Enter a seruant.

Muck. How now fellow.

Seru. May it please you Sir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coache.

Muc. Is

THE PVRTAINE WIDDOW.

Muc. Is my Lord come already; his honnors early,
You see he loues me well vp before seauen,
Trust me I haue found him night capt at a eleuen,
Ther's good hope yet; come see relate all to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Bridegromes Captaine and Scholler after them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widdow change in apparell, mistris Francis led betweene two Knights, Sir Iohn Penny-dub and Moll: there meetes them a Noble man, Sir Oliuer Muckil, and Sir Andrew Tip-staffe.

Nob. By your leaue Lady.

Wid. My Lord your honour is most chasty welcome,

Nob. Madam tho I came now from court, I come not to flatter you: vpon whom can I iustly cast this blot, but vpon your owne fore-head, that know not inke from milke such is the blind besotting in the state of an vnheaded woman thats a widdow. For it is the property of all you that are widdowes (a hand full excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully loue you, to the maintenance of credit state and posterity, and strongly to deare on those, that only loue you to vndo you who regard you least are best regarded, who hate you most are best beloved, And if there be but one man amongst tenne thousand millions of men that is accurst disastrous and euilly planeted whome Fortune beates most, whome God hates most, and all Societies esteeme least, that man is sure to be a husband---Such is the peeuishe Moone that rules you bloods. An Impudent fellow best woes you, a flattering lip best wins you, or in a mirth who talkes roughliest is most sweetest, nor can you distinguish truth, from forgeries, mistes from Simplisity, witnes these two deceitfull monsters that you haue entertained for bride-groomes.

Wid. Deceitfull.

Pie. All will out.

Cap. Sfoote who has blabd George? that foolish Nicholas.

Nob. For what they haue besotted your easie blood withall, weare nought but forgeries, the fortune telling for husbands, the coniuring for the chaine, Sir Godfrey heard the falsshod of all nothing but meere knauery deceit and coozenage.

Wid. O wonderfull, indeed I wondred that my husband with

THE PURITANE WIDDOW.

all his craft could nor keepe himsele out of purgatory.

Sir Godf. And I more wonder that my chaine should be gon and my Taylor had none of it.

Mol. And I wondred most of all that I, should be tyed from marriage hauing such a mind too't, come *S. Iohn Pennydub*, faire wether on our side the moone has chaingd since yester night.

Pie. The Sting of euery cull is with-in mee.

Nob. And that you may perceauce I saine not with you, behould their fellow actor in those forgeries who full of Spleene and enuy at their so suddaine aduancements reueled all there plot in anger.

Pie. Base Souldier to reueall vs.

Wid. Ist possible wee should be blinded so and our eys open

Nob. Widdow wil you now belecue that false, which to soone you belecued true.

Wid. O to my shame I doe.

Sir Godf. But vnder fauour my Lord my chaine was trulye lost and strainingly found againe.

Nob. Resolue him of that Souldier,

Sir. In few words Knight then, thou wert the arch-gull of all.

Sir Godf. How Sir.

Skir. Nay ile proue it: for the chayne was but hid in the rosemary bancke all this while, and thou gotst him out of pryson to Coniure for it who did it admirably fustianly, for indeed what neede any others when he knew where it was.

Sir Godf. O vilainy of vilanies, but how came my chaine there

Skir. Wheres truly la, in deed la, he that will not sweare, but lie, he that will not steale, But rob: pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings*.

Sir Godf. O Villaine one of our society,

Deemd alwaies holy, pure, religious,

A Puritan? a theefe, when wast euer hard?

Sooner wee'll kill a man then Steale thou knowst.

Out slaue Ile rend my lyon from thy back----with mine owne hands.

Nich. Deare Maister, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight dwell in parience,

And now widdow being so neere the Church, twer great pity,
may vncharity to send you home againe without a husband,
drawe.

THE PURITAIN WIDOW.

drawe nerer you of true worship, state and credit, that should not stand so farre of from a widdow, and suffer forged shapes to come betweene you, Not that in these, I blemish the true Title of a Captaine, or blot the faire margent of a Scholler; For I honnor worthy and deseruing parts in the one, and cherrish fruitfull Vertues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin bestowe your eys and your purest affections, vpon men of estimation both in Court and Citry, that hath long wooed you, and both with there hearts and wealth sincerely loue you.

Sir Godf. Good Sister doe: Sweet little *Franke*, these are men of reputation, you shalbe welcome at Court: a great credit for a Cittizen sweet Sister.

Nob. Come her silence doos consent too't.

Wid. I know not with what face,

Nob. Pah pah why with your owne face they desire no other.

Wid. Pardon me worthy Sirs, I and my daughter haue wrongd your loues.

Muck. Tis easily pardon'd Lady,
If you vouchsafe it now.

Wid. With all my soule,

Fran. And I with all my heart,

Moll. And I Sir *Iohn* with soule, heart, lights and all.

Sir Ioh. They are all mine *Moll.*

Nob. Now Lady?

What honest Spirit but will applaud your choyce,
And gladly furnish you with hand and voyce,
A happy change which makes eeu heauen reioyce,
Come enter into your Ioyes, you shall not want,
For fathers now, I doubt it not belecue me,
But that you shall haue hands inough to giue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Deus dedit his quoq; finem,

FINIS.

